

THE RAGE:

A

COMEDY.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.



THE
R A G E:
A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

BY
FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

" You fashionable People are very vulgar!"
GINGHAM.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
M DCC XCV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gingham	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Darnley	-	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Sir George Gauntlet		<i>Mr. Middleton.</i>
The Hon. Mr. Savage		<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Sir Paul Perpetual		<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Flush	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Ready	-	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Signor Cygnet	-	<i>Mr. Bernard.</i>
Waiter	-	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Servant to Sir George		<i>Mr. Abbott.</i>
Servants to the Hon. Mr. Savage		<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
		<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
Servant to Mr. Flush		<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
Groom		<i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>
Clara Sedley		<i>Mrs. Mountain.</i>
Lady Sarah Savage		<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
Mrs. Darnley	-	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>



P R O L O G U E

TO

T H E R A G E.

(Written by JAMES BOADEN, Esq.)

S P O K E N by Mr. HOLMAN.

HOW narrow is the sphere a modern Bays
Is doom'd to range, while he contrives his Plays;
Still urg'd by folly, Beings to explore,
Whom *he* and *you* so often saw before:
Precluded characters by *their* advance,
Whose minds could pierce thro' Nature with a glance,
And still of right possess the moral Stage
With lessons studied in a distant age;
In this, our glass, you yet reflected find
The levities which lessen human kind:
The lighter follies which the Town engage,
All that prevail in fashion makes—the Rage;

Yes, all! though various be the motly forms,
That sway by weak'ning, or compel in storms:
That up to Fop evaporate the Lord;
Or down to Jockey sink the Maid ador'd;
Confound distinctions, firm and frail perplex,
And make it difficult—to guess even sex.

But is the Rage to levity confin'd?
Does no just passion sway the general mind?
Lo! the rough Veteran, whom his Country's claim,
Rouses to vindicate her injured name!
The *Rage* is *Conquest* which his bosom fires,
The foe yields! then—no! then his rage expires.

When in some dreadful contest on the wave
The gallant seaman finds a wat'ry grave,

I

E'er

PROLOGUE.

E'er the last pulse of ebbing life be o'er,
When the eye turns towards his native shore,
This thought may ev'n the parting pang assuage
That, there—*Humanity* is still the *Rage*.

Our Author's Muse follows with fashion's gale,
Down a smooth river an amusive sail;
She dares no sea where boisterous passions sway,
Or merely dips her wing, and hastes away.
O may her airy toil your love engage,
And her new flight to please you be—*The Rage*.

EPILOGUE

TO THE RAGE.

(Written by EDWARD TOPHAM, Esq.)

SPOKEN by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

WELL, Gentlefolks, again your most obedient;
That I'm the Epilogue is held expedient:
Our Eard, who for a youth well knows the Stage,
Thought as to speaking, Women were "The Rage,"
And said—"Good Mrs. Mattocks, pray, advance;
Females must now step forward as in France."

My answer was—my dear, kind Sir, have pity,
"Pray spare the Ladies—Men secure our city.
"For arm'd by Parliament, to calm each fear,
"Huge corps of Common-Councilmen appear,
"Wards, Liveries, Deputies, en Militaire,
"Led by Lieutenant-Colonel—my Lord Mayor!
"Each man, (a sight at which his Lady swoons,)
"Belt, fabre, helmet, spurs, and pantaloons!

"Dear Chuck"—says Spouse—"pray sit at home, do yielde,
"Confider, Love, your age; you grow unwieldy;
"Good twenty stone, Dear, cannot play about,
"Besides those cold Jack Boots hurt Lovey's Gout."
"Gout! vulgar nonsense Voman—Gout! Gad's curse,
"Heavy! why I'm a private of Light Horse—
"Drefs! wheel! charge!—Could I on Horseback get
"I or my horse would do some mischief yet."

Thus, meaning no offence, in language faint,
The City Rage for soldiering we paint.
But sure no sons of Briton, with repress
That zeal which leads one man to serve the rest;
Which strives due right and order to maintain,
Against a Chaos that would come again.

Long

EPILOGUE.

Long may such Rage inspire the English mind!
In neighbouring Climes a different "Rage" we find;
Poor *Jean François* who thouts for Liberté
Finds Slavery still the Order of the Day!

"Ma foi! he cries—no people blest as we
They force me out to fight to make me free,
Den! vif! alert!—begar we must not tarry,
My Wife, for common good, oblige to marry:
She labour for the State, tant mieux pour elle,
She forget me—I her—c'est Bagatelle!
Allons au Guerre! L'eau de vie banish sorrow,
Victoire to-day—La Guillotine to-morrow!"

English Tom Blunt, a dealer in small wares,
Who knows a bit what's passing above stairs.
Cries—"Why in that there change of wives so fast
"I think a good one mayhap may come at last,
"But in that *gulleting* machine, d'ye see,
"I've no idea how it makes one free:
"For my part now, whatever may be said,
"I'm for a little meat, and safe warm bed,
"I does not relish freedom—when one's dead;
"So once for all my means and resolution
"Go, to stand by the good old Constitution."

Such and so different reign with sovereign power,
The various "Rages" of the present hour.
I wish, in truth I wish in very spight,
Your Rage may be, to see us many a night.

THE RAGE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DARNLEY'S Garden, and view of
his small Villa.

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

SIR GEORGE.

AND so, Darnley, you prefer this solitary life, to all the joys of London—to be sure you've a nice snug Villa, and a charming wife here—but its dull—the scene tires—it wants variety, Harry.

Darnley. No, Sir George.—Since I retir'd to this peaceful spot, I have not had a wish beyond it: I've been so happy in that humble cottage, that when I'm doom'd to leave it, the world will be a waste, and life not have a charm!

Sir George. How you are alter'd, Darnley? When we were brother officers you were the greatest rake in the regiment; but from the

B

time

time we were quarter'd at Worcester, where you first beheld Miss Dormer——

Darnley. I saw the folly of my former life; I own'd the power of her superior charms, and leaving a busy and tumultuous world, retir'd with her to this sequester'd scene—'tis now three years since I married.

Sir George. And from that time to this, have you liv'd in this out-of-the-way place?

Darnley. Yes: and till you yesterday honour'd me with a visit, I have not seen a friend within my doors—but isn't it a happy life, Sir George? Our affections have room to shoot—care and distrust are banish'd from our cottage, and with such a woman as Mrs. Darnley to converse with, what is the world to me? I can defy and scorn its malice.

Sir George. She's an angelic creature indeed, Darnley: and at Worcester, I had myself nearly fallen a victim to her charms; but about your future life—do you mean to live for ever in these woods and meadows?

Darnley. No—would to heaven I could!—I fear I must forego my present calm, and mix in active life again: When I married, I sold my commission, you remember, to purchase this small farm—Mrs. Darnley's portion was but a trifle, and an encreasing family has so enlarg'd my expences, that unless I return to the army——

Sir George. Ah—you want to be raking again?

Darnley. No—I want to secure an independence for my family—I want to see my children affluent, and to attain this, I have once more applied to my uncle Sir Paul Perpetual, who

who was so offended at my selling out, that he has ever since abandon'd me.

—*Sir George.* What—does the old beau still persevere in his resentment?

Darnley. His anger has encreas'd; for he writes me word, he intends marrying Lady Sarah Savage, on purpose to have heirs more worthy his estate:—Oh! my friend:—'tis hard, that fortune should bestow such treasures, and then compel me to desert them?

Sir George. So it is: but now I think on't, this Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are my intimate friends; and as you are their neighbours, I'll introduce you and Mrs. Darnley to their notice—When are they expected from town?

Darnley. To day.

Sir George. Then we'll pay them a visit: Lady Sarah Savage shall interfere with your uncle, and if that fails, her brother can easily ensure your promotion in the army—but see; here's Mrs. Darnley?

Darnley. Look at her, Sir George—do you, can you blame me?—who would not act as I have done?

Sir George. I would by heav'n's!—I'd live with her in a hermitage!—die with her on a pilgrimage!—I'd—death: if I don't mind, I shall discover all. [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Darnley advancing to her. Maria!

Mrs. Darnley. Oh Harry!—I have been looking for you every where—I declare you're grown quite a truant—Before your friend came, you

us'd to walk with me over the farm: or ride with me to see our children; or sit and read to me under our favourite Beach Tree—but now—Sir George!—I beg your pardon—I didn't see you before.

Sir George. Madam! [*Bowing obsequiously.*]

Darnley. My friend is all kindness, Maria; he has promis'd to introduce me to the honourable Mr. Savage:

Mrs. Darnley. What:—take you to Savage house!

Darnley. Ay—why not:—you shall go with me.

Mrs. Darnley. No—let me stay here—I am not weary of my present life.

Darnley. Nor I—but 'tis a great connexion: and though not absolutely distress'd, I would improve my fortune—I would see you and my children have every comfort.

Mrs. Darnley. We have, while you are with us—consider we have never liv'd a day apart, and if they lure you into fashionable scenes, you'll be corrupted, Harry—you'll despise the humble roof you once rever'd, and I perhaps shall be forgotten and neglected.

Darnley. Never!—I cannot bear the supposition; and while we have hearts to endure, and hands to labour, there is sufficient for our cottage!—I will not go—My friend, who sees my motive, I'm sure, will not condemn me.

Sir George. No—always obey the Ladies; but Darnley, I see our horses—you recollect we were to ride to see your children: so, Madam, I have the superlative honour——

Enter

Enter CLARA SEDLEY—a basket of flowers is hanging on her arm, and she is eating an apple.

Sir George. What, Clara!—been picking flowers my angel!—well!—I thought they had all died—all died from envy egad! ha! ha!—excuse me—I never laugh but at my own wit.

Clara. Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

Sir George. No—very often: for I take the joke though nobody else does, ha! ha!—come Darnley—adieu Ladies—I'll not run away with him!—*(Exit Darnley and Sir George.)*

Clara. What a coxcomb it is!—and if he wasn't a duellist into the bargain, I'd tell Mr. Darnley all my suspicions—that I would—but he's so fond of fighting, that I heard him say, he once sent a man a challenge for wafering a letter instead of sealing it.—I wish he was gone.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed so do I, cousin—Mr. Darnley is so chang'd since he arriv'd—his ideas so enlarg'd—he talks of visiting at Savage House, of improving his fortune.

Clara. Fortune!—ay: and this morning he gave me his note for two hundred pounds, begging me to get one of my guardians to lend money upon it—his excuse was that his expenses exceeded his income, and by his uncle's marriage with Lady Sarah Savage, all his expectations were ruined—Now, my life on't, this is all Sir George's doings—He has stole into our cottage like the Arch-fiend into paradise, and I won't eat another apple while he stays!

(Throws away the apple she is eating.)

Mrs. Darnley. Is Darnley then distressed?—Oh Clara!

Clara. Don't be unhappy—I shall apply to both my guardians; Sir Paul and Mr. Flush, they are now at Bath, and one way or other the Villa shall flourish still—Lord! I shall have plenty of money when I come of age, and I'll throw it all into the scale, and come and plant, sow, and reap with you and your husband.

Mrs. Darnley. What give up the gaieties of London, cousin?

Clara. London! ay: I hate it—I once pass'd a month there, but they hurried me so from fight to fight, that in the bustle all places appear'd alike—I saw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning after seeing Westminster Hall in term time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients.

(*Signor Cygnet without.*)

“Trompите, trompите тра!”

(*Singing an Italian air.*)

Mrs. Darnley. Who can this be?

Enter Signor CYGNET, spying.

“Tra—tra—tra!”

(*Singing.*)

Clara. Bless us!—What animal's this?

Mrs. Darnley. He has mistaken his way, I suppose—Sir—(*Signor don't regard her.*) I beg pardon, Sir—but perhaps you don't know that this garden—

Signor. “Beviamo tutta trè!”—ah, ha!—les Demoiselles!—Ladies, à votre service.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir! (*Curtseying.*)

Signor. I and the Honourable Mister Savage arrive last night—ce Matin I take a my little walk—see your small Chateau, and am so enchanté with the spectâcle that—me voici!—I honour you with my first visit—eh bien!—vat is your names?

Clara. Our names!—rather we should ask yours.

Signor. Mine!—Diable!—do you not know me?

Clara. No—how should we?

Signor. Vat! not know I am Signor Cygnet—de first Violin in Europe! de best composer in de whole world!—de husband of Signora Cygnet—de great singer at de opera—de professional—de Abbey—de—Marbleu!—and am I not myself?

Clara. No—I don't think you are yourself.

Mrs. Darnley. And so, Sir, you are on a visit at Mr. Savage's?

Signor. Oui—in my vay to Bath I condescend to pass a few days there—Lady Sarah Savage, she love music, or pretend to love—vich is de same ting you know—they entertain me comme ça—give me good dinners, and take ticketts for mine and my vife's concert—mais there be two tings I don't like.

Clara. And what are they, Sir?

Signor. Vy Mister Savage, he give me cold suppers and sleep in the best bed himself—Now, begar!—I vill have hot suppers and de best bed, or else I take a my fiddle and promenez—“Malbrouk s'en va, &c.” (*Singing.*)—De grand Duke—O! de grand Duke—he never use me thus—never—jamais!

Clara.

Clara. The Grand Duke!

Signor. Oui—ven I was at Florence how you tink he treat me? accoutez—he quarrel with all his Ministers—all but one!

Clara. And who was that one?

Signor. Me!—me he shake by the hand and go to my wife's benefit tout le même—de same as ever!

Clara.—[*To Mrs. Darnley.*] Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons—it is necessary for his education—isn't it, Signor?

Signor. Necessaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him scrape away! den he vill be great man—like me: and call for hot supper and best bed ver ever he go!

Mrs. Darnley. What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clara?

Signor. Parson!—pif!—vat is de parson to de musician?—he ride his old white horse—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my wife ride in vis-a-vis—sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parson!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

Mrs. Darnley. More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted—come Clara—

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir George GAUNTLET.

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley; but I and your husband have just been present at an accident, that—

Mrs. Darnley. An accident, sir!

Sir George. Yes: Lady Sarah Savage, who is one of those ladies call'd female phaetoneers, was driving four in hand across the heath; the horses took fright, and ran away with her, when Darnley, with more gallantry than prudence, rode a-head of the unruly animals, and stopt them on the edge of a precipice.

Mrs. Darnley. Heaven be prais'd!—and where is the lady, sir?

Sir George. My friend is conducting her to the villa, where he begs you'll instantly join them.

Mrs. Darnley. By all means—come—

[To Clara.

Clara. Signor, won't you assist your friend?

Signor. Non—I am musician, not physician, and my head is so full of de tune.

Clara. So full of de vapour, he means—like the inside of his own violin—come cousin—now isn't it a pity, that while we have butterflies and bullfinches in the garden, we should be tormented with coxcombs and fiddlers—insects, adieu! *[Exeunt Clara and Mrs. Darnley.]*

Sir George. Signor, I rejoice to see you; you have often assisted me in my amours, and I now want your aid more than ever.

Signor. Eh bien!—my wife has a concert at Bath next week.

Sir George. Has she! then I'll give a dinner to some Somersetshire bumpkins, and force off

C

a score

a score or two of tickets—You saw the lady I first spoke to—she has won my heart, and I have won her husband's.

Signor. Dat is good—den if you make de discord between them—

Sir George. Ay, Sgnior: if I excite jealousy! and this accident has sprung the mine—Lady Sarah Savage is already half in love with Darnley—She has invited him to Savage house, and if he takes Mrs. Darnley along with him—

Signor. Dey will be both out of tune for ever—ah ha! I go to Mr. Savage, toutesuited.

Sir George. Do—and increase Lady Sarah's love for Darnley—assist in all my schemes; triumph I must, and will; for I offer'd Mrs. Darnley my hand long before this husband won her heart.

Signor. I will be first fiddle rest assurè—tenez; I vill compose two duettos—one between Lady Sarah Savage and de husband—de other between you and de wife—allôns. You no conceive the power of music, Sir George.

Sir George. I do, Signor—for as Shakespeare says: "There's nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, but music for a time does change its nature."

Signor. Shakespeare! vat is dat Shakespeare? He never compose a single tune, and dough at present he make a little noise, begar, you'll soon find de fiddle and de bravura vill lay him on de shelf—now-a-days, sound always get de better of sense, mon ami—Ah ha! venez! you no forget my wife's benefit,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A Room inside Mr. DARNLEY's Villa, Prints, Books, Fowling Pieces, Fishing Tackle, &c.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY and CLARA.

Mrs. Darnley. Well Clara: if Lady Sarah Savage be a picture of town-bred women of fashion, let me remain a plain simple rustic all my life—Did you ever see any thing so confident—so masculine—her brother too! “What you call impudence,” says he, “we call ease.”

Clara. Ay: they're a precious pair; and yet in London they are both the Rage!—quite at the top of the beau monde—But, cousin, they've order'd their carriages, and insist on our going to Savage house—Mercy on us! what's to become of two lambs amongst such a parcel of wolves?

Mrs. Darnley. This is Sir George's scheme: to delude Mr. Darnley from this tranquil spot into fashionable life, is the first step towards affecting his base designs—He told Mr. Savage about your fortune too——

Clara. I know it: and the vulgar man made downright love to me directly;—'faith-Coz. I believe Sir George wants to get me married, and you unmarried.

Lady Sarah Savage without.) Bring round the Phaeton, and d'ye hear—don't tighten the curbs—I'll whip and gallop them every inch of the road.

Clara. “She'll whip and gallop them!” there now!—this is one of the modern breed of

fine ladies, who, instead of being feminine and tender, have the Rage for confidence and boldness—Look at her dress—she's more like a man than a woman, and her language is as masculine as her manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE dressed in a great coat, with a number of capes; a plain round beaver hat; a fur tippet and sash. Boot shoes, a whip in her hand, and a riding habit, under great coat; two grooms enter with her.

Lady Sarah. John, exercise the pointers, and the hounds—I shall shoot to-morrow, and hunt the next day.

Groom. Any thing else, madam?

Lady Sarah. No—nothing—Oh yes: call at the taylor's and enquire for my fencing jacket--tell him I broke two foils in my last rencontre, and ask him if any body ought to make assaults in a gown and petticoat?—Ah! my little dears—here (*Seeing Mrs. Darnley and Clara, she makes them pull off her great coat, which the groom takes.*) Well! and how do ye do? Oh William!—tell the recruiting serjeant I must learn the new military manœuvres, and bid him bring the largest fusil in the regiment—there—go along—

[*Groom Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Darnley. I hope you have recover'd your fright, ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Recover'd!—heh!—why, where's my deliverer?—my dear charming Mr. Darnley?

Mrs. Darnley. Madam!

Lady Sarah. He is certainly the most divine engaging creature—I mean to take him home with

with me, and the Phaeton is waiting—so call him, child—(to Clara.) call him directly.

Clara. Call :—whom, madam ?

Lady Sarab. Why, Mr. Darnley, to be sure ; what does the girl stare at ?—did she never see a person of quality before.

Clara. Never—its the first time, ma'am ; and if this is the specimen, I hope it will be the last :—I'll call Mr. Darnley. [Exit.

Lady Sarab. I wish I was like you, my dear—I wish I was married—its so comfortable—so convenient—heigho !—I shall be so glad when old Sir Paul is my stalking horse—my husband I mean—shan't you, Mrs. ———

Mrs. Darnley. Excuse me, madam : when I reflect, that Sir Paul is Mr. Darnley's uncle, and by your union he is deprived of all his future fortune, you cannot blame me, if ———

Lady Sarab. Deprive my dear Darnley of his fortune !—so it does—well !—that's vastly droll !—but then it makes mine, which is the same thing you know—See !—here's my bear of a brother !—you've no idea what low, vulgar company he keeps ?—nothing but Buffoons, Bow-street Officers, and Boxers !—and only conceive, my dear, me and my friends mixing in such horrid society.

Mrs. Darnley. Surely Mr. Savage cannot wish——

Lady Sarab. He does, ma'am : and only conceive I say my intimate acquaintance—people of the first consequence—such as Signor Cygnet, the husband of the fine Soprano—Monsieur Puppitini, the inventor of the dear Fantoccini, and Count Spavin the greatest of Horse Doctors—only imagine such pick'd com-

pany as this, mixing with my brother's low-liv'd wretched crew.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed, ma'am, people of rank ought to set a better example.

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—sister I mean—I lost ten pounds by your silly accident—The moment I saw the horses off, I said to my friends around me, ten pounds to five, the driver gets a tumble—"done!"—"it's a bett" says I—away flew the racers,—snap went the reins—five to four in my favour!—when plague on't! the Squire rode across, stopt the carriage—you sav'd your neck, and I—lost my wager.

Lady Sarah. You brute: did you ever hear your brother, Lord Savage, talk in this manner?

Savage. My brother!—pough!—he's a gentleman to be sure—proud, independent, and all in the grandee style—but I!—I'm not like him—I'm a man of fashion—I'm not a gentleman.

Lady Sarah. No—that you are not upon my honour.

Savage. I am the hero of my society—he is the slave of his—he keeps high company, ma'am (*To Mrs. Darnley,*) lives with judges, generals, and admirals—but does he ever encourage the arts and sciences? does he ever shake hands with men of genius? such as peace officers, tennis play'rs, and boxers—no, no—that was left for me.

Lady Sarah. Yes: and though born to wealth and titles, there you stand, that have been six times bottle holder at a boxing match!—vulgar science!—I hope Sir Paul don't understand it.

Savage.

Savage. No—not now—but if he makes you his wife, it may be necessary he should, learn,—I say, ma'am, that was a straight one—wasn't it.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed I don't know, sir;—Wou'd Mr. Darnley were here!—I am unequal to their society; but from the little I have learnt, I think one hour of domestic life worth all this new unintelligible scene.

Savage. Hark'ye: (*to Lady Sarah,*) here's a letter from the old beau, Sir Paul—he is coming to Bath, and can only stay one day with us, in his way; but as people of quality are not always people of quantity you know, he shan't stir, till the marriage is effected—mum!—I'll keep him close——

Enter DARNLEY.

Savage. Ha! squire!—come Mrs. Darnley; (*takes her by the hand.*) I'll drive you and your pretty cousin——

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I am unus'd to visiting; unfit——

Savage. Nonsense!—I never take an excuse; when I ask people to my house, I make them go when I like—stay while I like, and behave as I like—so come along—squire mind you don't snap the reins; and d'ye hear; as my sister is rather lame—only just recover'd from the gout—

Lady Sarah. The gout!—how dare you, sir?

Savage. What!—do you deny it?—do you disown having been cur'd by a quack doctor, and returning him thanks in all the papers?
 “Lady Sarah Savage informs Dr. Panacea, that
 “his alagaronic antispasmodonic tincture, has
 “entirely remov'd the gout from the extremi-
 ties,

"ties, and she now hunts, shoots, eats and
"drinks more freely than ever!"—now isn't
it a shame, ma'am? between them, they plunder both the patient and the physician.—The quack cheats the doctor of his fee, and the woman robs the man of his gout.

[Exit with Mrs. DARNLEY.

Lady Sarah. Oh, Mr. Darnley!—I am so glad you're going to Savage house—'twill be such a relief—come—I'll appoint you my rural Cicis-beo—my guardian shepherd—you sav'd my life, and I won't let you die for me, I am determined!

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Honourable Mr. SAVAGE's Park and Garden—a Canal with a Vessel on it—a Bridge—a Temple surrounded with Weeping Willows—at the Wing a Portico and Steps leading to the House.*

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET from the Portico.

Sir George. Why now indeed you are an alter'd man?

Darnley. I am—I am—the wine—the scene—the company—has so transported me, that I begin to think I'm not quite sober, Sir George—I do indeed.

Sir George. No wonder at it—you've led the life of a recluse and every new scene dazzles you—you are like a nun escap'd from a convent.

Darnley. No—more like a Friar in one—at least if I may judge by my eating and drinking—But my friend—this is a glorious place, and I begin to think I've liv'd too long out of the world—coop'd up in a cottage—buried in a farm—What did I know of life and all its pleasures?

Sir George. Ay: what indeed?—in town—and Savage-house is the same thing you see; for they always bring London into the country with them—but Lady Sarah, Darnley—I saw you at dinner;—she gave you such affectionate looks.—

Darnley. Fie! fie Sir George—you forget—I am a married man.

Sir George. A married man!—what then!

D

Darnley

Darnley. Why then I love my wife—I do—I tenderly love her—and when I chuse to play the fool, let me expose myself, but not wound her for heaven's sake!

Sir George. Nonsense!—you don't know Lady Sarah—she is one of those confident females, who won't let a man escape—who mark you for their prey---lure you into their talons; and, if you don't yield, will so claw you.—

Darnley. What! make me love her whether I will or not?

Sir George. Certainly: but consider the advantages of her friendship: first she can get you promotion in the army; secondly, by gaining an ascendancy over her, you may prevent her marrying your uncle; and thirdly, you can provide for your family without injuring your honour—there!—there's an opportunity!

Darnley. That's true; and if I thought—hark'ye; as we're alone, and you're my best of friends—I've got a letter from her! the Signor brought it me—here! (*taking out a letter.*)—She appoints me to meet her in her dressing-room.

Sir George. Bravo, Signor!—(*aside*)—let's read.—(*Reads the Letter.*)---“ Lady Sarah Savage, “ having something particular to communicate “ to Mr. Darnley, begs to see him in her dressing-room in an hour's time.”——Go by all means,—go, I insist.

Darnley. Why, if I can persuade her not to marry Sir Paul, or even get her to interfere with him—I'll go!—I'm fix'd—I'll write to her this instant. “ He that essays no danger gains no “ praise!”

Enter

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. Joy! joy my lads! Sir Paul is arrived!—and how do you think the old boy introduced himself to my porter?—"Tell your master, says he, a young gentleman desires to see him."

Sir George. Young gentleman!—that's excellent—he's at least seventy-two.

Savage. No, you wrong him; he's only seventy—Sir Paul Perpetual—Old P. I mean; for that's his nick name you know—has been the ancient beau of the age these thirty years, and as his great grief is, that he never had a son, he wants my consent to marry my sister.

Darnley. And do you mean to consent, sir?

Savage. Certainly—I say (*aside to Sir George*)—I want his fortune to repair my own, and therefore he shan't leave the house till the marriage is effected—you know my way.—I've given the hint to the servants.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir here's the young gentleman.

Savage. Squire, take my place at the table—push the wine about, and tell the jovial crew to prepare for quizzing—quizzing you rogue!—go (*Darnley exit*)—the license is in my pocket, a parson's in the house, and if we can but confuse the young gentleman, we'll marry him in a joke, and afterwards take his fortune in earnest.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, in a riding dress.

Sir Paul. "Be lively, brisk and jolly!—lively, brisk and jolly!" (*singing.*) Ah, my boys!—here I am—as young and hearty—but I can't stay; I must be at Bath to-morrow.

Sir George. At Bath!—what to drink the waters? to renovate before marriage, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. No—upon my soul there's no occasion—though, at present, perhaps a little physical advice wouldn't be much amiss: for between ourselves, I've just cut a tooth, and suffer'd most violently from the hooping cough! (*They laugh.*)—Why what do you laugh at?

Savage. Nothing—nothing—only we wonder'd how such a chicken as you could struggle against a pair of such mortal disorders!—but, seriously—what takes you to Bath?

Sir Paul. Such an event? I have trac'd a son; a boy above twenty years of age! that's my first reason—my second is—to see my grandfather.

Savage. Your grandfather!

Sir Paul. Hark'ye—he shall make settlements on my first four children.

Sir George. Pray, Sir Paul—I beg your pardon though—what age may your grandfather be?

Savage. Two hundred, if he's an hour! heh? an't I right, old P.?

Sir Paul. Old P.! there it is now!—here I stand, that walk as much as any man—that ride as much as any man—that am every night at a concert, an opera, or a club—that sing, dance, game or intrigue! and what's more, that have done all this for sixty years!—and yet to be call'd
old

old P!—they said I never was a father—but I shall soon prove the great and glorious fact.

Savage. Ay! how will you prove it?

Sir Paul. How! why you've all heard of my little Nelly—poor girl! she was jealous, and she left me to marry a tradesman—a clerk at a lottery office, and three months after we parted she was deliver'd of a boy—a fine boy! as like me as one Cupid is to another—a year after her marriage, she died, and I can hear nothing of her husband; but let him say what he will, I'll swear the boy was mine; I'll swear it, because I'm convinc'd I'm father to more children than one, Sir George.

Sir George. Very likely; but where did you learn all this?

Sir Paul. From Nelly's sister; a month ago I accidentally met her at Tunbridge; she had neither seen nor heard of the husband since her sister's death, but she remember'd the child went by his mother's name! its mine!—I'm sure its mine! and (*they laugh again.*) I tell you what—you'd better be careful; for when you and other young sprigs of fashion smile at me, jeer me, and call me the infirm old P.!'—gad! you little think you dogs, you are laughing at your own father perhaps! however, I've trac'd my boy to Bath, and whoever discovers him shall have the too best racers in my stud.

Savage. What fidget and fizgig? then I'll seek for young P. myself—I'll find him—I'll—but hold—hold—(*Stopping Sir Paul who is going*) don't go yet—your nephew's in the house.

Sir Paul. What Darnley?—zounds! then I won't stay a moment—no—not even to see my dear Lady Sarah, who I'll marry if its only to disappoint

disappoint that rural reprobate—that—I'm gone.

Savage. No—you're not—I'll tell you a secret ; you shall stay a week with me.

Sir Paul. A week !

Savage. Ay : I've my reasons—so don't think of stirring ; for your horses are turn'd out to graze—your saddles and bridles snug in a hiding place, and all the gates double bar'd, inside and out.

Sir Paul. What the devil ! make a prisoner of me ?

Savage. Nonsense !—I only forestall your wishes :—I'm sure you want some soft discourses with my sister, and don't I know what my visitors like better than they do themselves ? don't I know you like getting drunk ?—so come ; come in and drink ! (*Pulling him.*)

Sir Paul. I don't—I hate drinking ; and death and fire ! haven't I told you I want to find my son —

Sir George. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Humour him ; humour him, Sir Paul ; or he'll refuse you his sister.

Savage. Ay : give consent, or else —

Sir Paul. Or else I lose my wife I suppose ; when I'm in the country, don't I like always to live quiet, and keep early hours, and would you lock me in a house where you never see the sun ? where you go to bed just before it rises, and get up the moment after it sets ?

Savage. Will you give up the marriage, and let Darnley have his wish ?

Sir Paul. No—I'll die first—I'll —

Savage. Then will you join the jolly crew and prove—

Sir

Sir George. That you have as much health, youth, and spirits—

Savage. As any choice spirit—

Sir George. Or young gentleman—

Sir Paul. In the whole world!—I'm rous'd ! I'm fir'd ! and to shew I'm season'd ! true English heart of Oak !—allôns !

Savage. (*Singing.*) “ Bring the flask ! the music—

Sir George. (*Singing.*) “ Joy shall quickly find us—

Sir Paul. “ Let us dance and laugh and sing, and drive old care behind us !”

[*Exeunt at Portico.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Can this be the mansion of elegance and taste ? I meet with nothing but rudeness and neglect !—I wish I could find Mr. Darnley !—I dare say, by this time, he is sicken'd of the scene, and anxious as myself, to see his home again.

Enter DARNLEY from the Portico, half drunk, with Lady Sarah Savage's letter in his hand.

Darnley. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Fill away my boys !—fill !—fill !—while I like a faithful gallant !—gallant ! hold, hold, friend Darnley. This letter is to benefit your interest, not sacrifice your honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Heavens !—what do I see ? Mr. Darnley !

Darnley. (*Not regarding her.*) Yes :—you do ; you see Mr. Darnley.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Why?—what's the matter with you!—what's that letter?

Darnley. This letter?—this is a love letter, my angel,—ha!—why it is!—it is my wife!

Mrs. Darnley. Yes: that wife who in the hour of dissipation you forget—can I believe it?—in a little hour can all our past attachment—but why am I alarmed?—Fashion may dupe the wicked and the weak, but virtue such as his must scorn its empty power.

Darnley. Forget!—no never!—and now I look at you—I think I ought to be massacred for having even for a moment neglected you—Oh! Maria!—I have such news for you—Lady Sarah has been so kind—she has promised to promote me—to befriend you—and in short she has taken a liking to the whole family.

Mrs. Darnley. And why, Harry?

Darnley. Why! ay: there's the rub! but don't be jealous, Maria—I entreat you, don't be jealous!—for by heaven, I love you!—I do so tenderly that if it were not for my promise, I could find in my heart to return home directly.

Mrs. Darnley. Do; let us begone—the place distracts me: and I fear this high company will corrupt you.

Darnley. High company!—hang it:—if that's all you're afraid of, there's not much danger in this house I fancy—but my letter—my word to Sir George—and consider our interest, Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Oh no—consult our happiness my love; and surely there is none in this tumultuous scene—we left all joy behind us, in our children and our cottage, Harry; and there alone we shall recover it—come.

Darnley. She's right—the pretty prattler has reason on her side and who can disobey—(looks without,

without,) ha!—Sir George and Lady Sarah in close conversation!—they beckon me!—again!

Mrs. Darnley. Why do you pause?

Darnley. I'm in for it—the die is cast!—Maria!—excuse me. *(going from her.)*

Mrs. Darnley. How! will you leave me, Mr. Darnley?

Darnley. What can I do?—'tis but for a short time.—

Mrs. Darnley. You must not. *(Laying hold of him.)*

Darnley. Nay: only for an hour.

Mrs. Darnley. *(Letting him go and taking out her handkerchief.)*—This is the first time you ever us'd me thus.

Darnley. So it is—now what a pretty scoundrel I am!—and this is fashionable life—is it?—Oh fool! fool! to quit substantial peace for artificial pleasure!—don't weep, Maria—I go for our mutual advantage—I go to make our children happy.

Mrs. Darnley. Then stay with their mother—they never wish'd that we should part.

Darnley. Nor will we—we've liv'd so long and happily together, that I would rather lose the little we have left, than hurt your quiet.—

(Enter Sir George Gauntlet.) Sir George stay with her—I'll see Lady Sarah, entreat her forgiveness, and return instantly; for, oh my friend!—my heart drops blood for every tear she sheds.

Sir George. P'sha!—remember your interest—Lady Sarah will soon reconcile your scruples, and leave me to compose Mrs. Darnley—nay: take your opportunity—you must keep the appointment—I insist—so begone!—*(Darnley exit.)*

What a fuss here is about a man's leaving his

E

wife

wife for an hour, when so many worthy couples would be happy to part for ever.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir George, tell me, where is he gone? tell me, that I may fly and overtake him!

Sir George. Why! can't you guess?

Mrs. Darnley. No, indeed, I cannot.

Sir George. Not that he is gone to Lady Sarah to keep an assignation with her.

Mrs. Darnley. An assignation.

Sir George. In her dressing-room! at this very hour—the gay scene has so alter'd him, that you see he has left you to keep the appointment.

Mrs. Darnley. I'll not believe it!—he is above such baseness.

Sir George. Won't you?—then I'll prove it.

Mrs. Darnley. I defy you!—he knows the value of my heart too well to trifle with it; and I've known his so long, that I'll not venture to suspect it—no—though his friend defames it.

Sir George. Nay then—you remember his hand-writing—here is his answer to the lady's letter—read. [giving her the letter.]

Mrs. Darnley. (Looks over it.) Ha!—it is too plain—I am deceiv'd—deserted.

Sir George. I was the bearer of that letter, and preserv'd it merely to shew it you, I thought it the duty of a friend.

Mrs. Darnley. And from the same duty, you advis'd him to write it.—Oh! I have known you long, Sir George—you are one of those who find no happiness but in marring that of others—who seduce the affections of the husband, the better to betray the honour of the wife! and when you've spoilt all social and domestic peace, the
friend

friend you laugh at, and the woman scorn!—I know you well!

Sir George. My dear ma'am, how you mistake!—I meant to oblige you.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir—there is but one way—leave me—nay, I insist—

Sir George. I shall obey.

Mrs. Darnley. I must have stronger proof before I am convinc'd, and then observe, Sir George, if his truth weakens, I'll add strength to mine! my constancy and honour shall be so exemplary, that I will shame him from his follies! make him repent: and when reclaim'd, be proud to say he is my own again! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment leading to Lady SARAH'S Dressing-Room—the Door in the Flat.*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Yes: yes: its all over the House—Sir George makes no secret of the assignation, and I've no doubt but Darnley is now in that room waiting for Lady Sarah Savage—she can't come at present—the servant says, she's gone to the stables to see the beasts unharnes'd—faith! if she'd go to her brother's party she'd see that business already done!—however I'll prevent Darnley's exposing himself, and as he is certainly conceal'd in that room, I'll talk to him.—Dear!—here's my guardian again!

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL, (hastily.)

Sir Paul. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and blacklegs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding they began whispering pretty loudly—"smoke the old prig!—damme, quiz him!"

Clara. Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a barrel of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Clara. Indeed, it's quite terrible, Gaurdy.

Sir Paul. Then they shew'd me a license; brought me a fat parson, and said, if I'd instantly be married, they'd let me go to find my son—if not, I should be lock'd in, and have plenty of it—now here's hospitality!—but they've overshot the mark; and if I get out of their doors, I'll not only break off the match, but promise to befriend Darnley. —

Clara. What! disappoint Lady Sarah, and relieve my poor distressed friend—then I'll get you out
of

of the house—I will, if I'm quizz'd to death for it—You see that door—if he meets Darnley, he'll at least interrupt the assignation.

Sir Paul. Secure my escape—only get me out of this den of savages, and, if I don't befriend Darnley, may I never live to see old age. Where does that door lead to?

Clara. I fancy to Lady Sarah's dressing room; for it is full of half boots, horse great coats, military sashes, helmet caps, and amazonian jackets! and this is your only way to escape—enter that room.

Sir Paul. Yes—

Clara. Put on one of Lady Sarah Savage's great coats, tie one of her sashes round your waist—throw a fur tippet about your neck, and with a whip in your hand, and her driving hat on your head—

Sir Paul. I understand—the servants will take me for their mistress, and open the gates; Oh! you dear girl! (*kisses her.*)—I'll about it instantly—(*opens the door in flat.*) I say, Clara, the hounds below are unkennel'd; they have started me for game, and after keeping them at bay, by lousing in a flood of water, I take to cover; that is, I put on Lady Sarah Savage's cloathes to avoid passing for a wild beast; mum! (*enters the room.*)

Clara. If he does but get out of the house, the marriage is broken off and Darnley made happy.

Lady Sarah Savage (without.) I'm at home to nobody but Mr. Darnley.

Clara. (*Going to the door.*) We're undone, ruin'd; stay where you are; here's Lady Sarah.

Sir Paul. (*putting his head out*)—The devil!

Clara.

Clara. Hush! lock yourself in; and don't stir till I tap at the door, or stop—stop—lest she or somebody else should tap, don't open it till I give you a signal—let me see; what shall be the watchword? Oh, "quizzing," you won't forget "quizzing," Guardy.

Sir Paul. No—I shall remember it these fifty years; so when I hear the word "quizzing," out I come, and—softly—here she is (*shutting himself in.*)

Enter Lady SARAH, with pocket-book and tickets in her hand.

Lady Sarah. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Tell my dear Signor, I shall get rid of all these benefit tickets; heh! (*taking out her spying glass.*)—what young creature's this?

Clara. How d'ye do again ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Again! you're vastly forward child; I never saw you before.

Clara. No ma'am! that's very strange; you saw me this morning at Mr. Darnley's, and invited me to your house.

Lady Sarah. Oh, ay: now I recollect; you must excuse me; we people of rank are so very absent; we're extremely intimate with a person in the morning, and don't know them at night; well! I'm vastly glad to see you; but you mustn't stay here, I'm engaged child.

Clara. I shan't intrude, ma'am—good day.

Lady Sarah. Adieu! stop—stop—I forgot; give me two guineas.

Clara. Two guineas, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. Yes: for these tickets; they're for the Signor's wife's benefit at Bath next Monday,

day, the whole town will be there—nay, I shall attend—I'd make you take more, but as you'll have to pay card money bye and bye, it would be asking you to one's house absolutely to make a bargain of you! (*Clara gives the two guineas.*) there—you may go.

Clara. A bargain indeed! and a bad one too: for if I was mean enough to make money by my guests, would I lay it out on foreigners who loll in carriages? no—not while so many of our gallant soldiers and sailors have only wooden limbs to stand on! (*half aside.*) I am gone, ma'am, (*curtseying.*) and now may Darnley get out of the scrape—Sir Paul get out of the house—and she and her brother knock their stupid heads together. [*Exit.*]

Lady Sarah. I suppose this silly creature has interrupted the charming Mr. Darnley, and he has stept into my dressing room—(*goes to the door and finds it fasten'd.*)—lock'd inside—it must be so—(*listens.*)—I declare I hear him moving; (*she listens again.*)—he sighs!—poor man! (*she speaks loudly.*)—don't be dejected, my dear sir; when I'm married to that old tottering beau, Sir Paul, I'll think of nothing but you. So come, Mr. Darnley, (*Enter Mrs. Darnley.*) come my sweet Mr. Darnley.

Mrs. Darnley. Can it be possible?—then all's confirm'd madam, when I am convinced that my husband—that Mr. Darnley has been decoyed into that room.

Lady Sarah. (*spying at her.*) Bless me!—its Mrs. Darnley!—this is a little awkward—however I'll soon talk her out of it, (*aside.*) Don't be uneasy, my dear—these fashionable intrigues are very

very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction!

Mr. Darnley. To school! as certainly ma'am—

Lady Sarah. There it is then: for what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsichord, so as to give papa, mama, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so awkwardly as to be always out of tune and place, and to speak just French enough to make you forget English; this is a boarding school education—But I my dear—

Mrs. Darnley. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure; seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady Sarah. And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs. Darnley. Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth doesn't create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polish'd example than yourself—Oh Darnley! why will you not come forth and save your once lov'd wife from agonies too great to bear.

Enter

Enter Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—here's a pretty story buzz'd about!—they say that Darnley, the country 'squire, is lock'd up in your dressing-room! if this is true you Jezabel—

Lady Sarah. Scandalous brute!—but I don't wonder at it, you've had such a low vulgar education.

Savage. I had an education!—well that's more than ever you had!—but look'ye, Miss, no time must be lost; for if Sir Paul discovers your intriguing, he'll break off the marriage, and we are ruin'd—yes; ruined madam! (*to Mrs. Darnley,*) you and your infamous husband will make your own plots and marr mine—so I'll unkennel him.

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—indeed he is not to blame—he was betray'd into that room.

Lady Sarah. Betray'd!—nay, then I must confess, brother, that Mr. Darnley is there; I dare say he conceal'd himself on purpose to expose me to Sir Paul—nay, I am sure of it now.

Savage, (looking thro' the key-hole.) I see him through the key-hole—the rascal's in disguise! (*enter two servants.*) John call up the club—unloose the hounds—tell the whole house to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue.—

Sir PAUL dress'd in Lady SAVAGE's Great Coat, &c. opens the door, endeavours to escape, but meeting Mr. SAVAGE retires again directly.

*Savage—*John, open the back-door, and shew the disguis'd gentleman out of the house directly—go—and as for you Mrs. Darnley—

F

DARNLEY

DARNLEY enters, and Mrs. DARNLEY, Lady SARAH, and SAVAGE, stand astonished.

Savage. Confusion!—Darnley!

Mrs. Darnley. Is he then innocent?—Oh Harry! (*Embracing him.*)

Lady Sarah. Amazing! why, who was that wretch in my coat, hat, and tipper!

Darnley. No less a gentleman than Sir Paul Perpetual—Clara told me the whole story—he put on that disguise to avoid the snares that were laid for him, and he has ere this left the house, determined to break off an union, that would have undone me and my family—Lady Sarah, I entreat your pardon; but here (*taking Mrs. Darnley by the hand,*) here is my apology.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I have shewn the disguis'd gentleman down stairs.

Savage. Go to the devil with you.——

[*Kicks the servant off.*]

Lady Sarah. Brother!

Savage. Sister!

Lady Sarah. We are the fools that are outwitted.

Savage. Yes: we've turn'd out the wrong man—but let's pursue and overtake him instantly; come,—'squire, I insist you leave my house directly, and as to you Miss—if I catch the young gentleman, I'll have some sport, I'm determined—I'll turn you both loose amongst the hounds below, and the Club shall decide, whether

ther old P. isn't the prettiest looking female of the two !

[Exit with Lady Sarab.

Darnley. I resolved, Maria, to meet any censure, rather than give a pang to such a heart as yours ; but let us be gone —

Mrs. Darnley. Ay : let us return to our villa, nor ever wander more.

Darnley. No—not yet Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Nor yet !

Darnley. No—I have a plan to execute.—Sir George, my best of friends, has invited us both to his aunt's house at Bath, and is now waiting without to conduct us.

Mrs. Darnley. Do not go ! let me entreat you ; do not—I have a thousand fears.

Darnley. Nay, nay : he will introduce us to friends, who can render us essential service ; come—come—indulge me—the society will be pleasant, and unlike this ill-bred scene—

Mrs. Darnley. Well ! if it must be so—Ah, Harry ! I have now pass'd hours in the humble and exalted scenes of life, and I find that good breeding is confin'd to no rank or situation ! it consists in good sense, and good humour, and I believe we may see as large a share of it under the roof of the cottage, as in the splendid mansions of the great !

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT H.

F 2

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A superb room in FLUSH's house; handsome sideboard of Plate—Pictures in elegant Frames—gilded chairs—two servants in fine liveries, putting silver coffee pot, tea urn, &c. on the table for breakfast, a third servant shewing in*
READY.

Enter READY.

Ready. Tell your master, his agent desires to see him.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Flush is hardly drest yet.

Ready. Not up!—why it's two o'clock.

Servant. Very likely, sir—my master seldom rises sooner—besides he gave a grand supper last night; all the first people in Bath were present, sir.

Ready. Well! well! tell him Mr. Ready is here: (*Servant exit.*) now isn't it amazing that a man who was only twelve years ago clerk to a lottery-office-keeper in London, should be so rich, and so visited, and how has he done all this? how, but by the modern mystery of money lending!—by opening a shop in the city for linens, gauzes; and muslins—by keeping a fine house near Bond street, and another in Bath. His son manages in London, and I here, while he by not appearing, is every where noticed and respected.

Flush. (without.) James! Thomas! tell the cook to send a plan of my dinner.

Ready.

Ready. He's such an epicure! and he, who formerly could scarcely get necessaries, is now not satisfied with luxuries.

FLUSH enters with two servants.

Flush. (*sits.*) Ha! Ready! how d'ye do, Ready?

Ready. Sir! (*bowing.*)

Flush. Sit down, Ready—sit down. (*Ready sits.*) well! how go on money matters?

Ready. I have alter'd the advertisement as you desir'd, and inserted it in the Bath and Bristol papers.

Flush. Read it—read it. (*Takes up a pine apple on the breakfast table*) You scoundrels! (*to the servants.*) is this a pine apple for a gentleman? buy a larger; buy one if it costs ten pounds; I can afford it—read, Ready, read.

Ready. (*Reading a news-paper.*) “Money matters!—the nobility, gentry, ladies of fashion, officers of rank, bankers, &c. may be secretly accommodated with money to any amount, on personal security only, by applying to P. O. Holly Street, Bath—No. 93.”

Flush. Excellent! well! does the trap fill! have you caught any birds?

Ready. Plenty; plenty of pigeons already; (*Takes out his pocket-book.*) here, here's a note for five hundred—left by a dashing young parson—I think it's good.

Flush. (*Looking at it.*) It is—treat him well; give him value; I can afford it.

Ready. Value! but in what manner, Sir?

Flush. (*rising.*) Oh! pay him in the old way, Ready; first, give him my draft at a week for thirty

thirty guineas, then offer him damag'd linen and mullin to the amount of one hundred and twenty, and bid him call again in a fortnight—you have his note all the time you know.

Ready. Certainly, sir; and when he calls—

Flush. Give him a bad bill for one hundred and fifty, and pay him the odd hundred in trifles, such as paste buckles, gilt bracelets, Westphalia hams, painted prints, neats tongues, and Stilton cheeses—so shake hands, and have done with Master Parson.

Ready. But not with the bill, sir.

Flush. No—my bankers discount it, and pay it away, till passing through different hands, somebody gives value for it at last, and then the glorious work begins—then comes the hero into combat! an attorney is employ'd! an attorney, my boy! action is brought upon action! declaration filed upon declaration! till the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers all get into the King's Bench—the King's Bench—no—I beg pardon; the high money-lenders, and low attorneys, have so fill'd it, with their dupes, that there isn't room there—the house overflows! so Newgate, Newgate is the shop!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's your son! just arriv'd from London!

Flush. Shew him in.

[Exit servant.]

Ready. I'm told, sir, Mr. Gingham is quite another man, since I saw him.

Flush. Yes, yes, you knew his curst, ingenuous, candid disposition; he learnt it in the country, the dog would speak the truth, and his simplicity

plicity so injur'd our trade, that I threatened to turn him out of doors; but he has reform'd Ready! the boy has the good sense to tell a lie now, and I've sent for him to witness his blessed reformation.

Ready. Ay, sir, your son always spoke his mind too freely—in short, Mr. Gingham was too honest for his profession.

Flush. He was; however he has given me his word, never to speak what comes uppermost, and he is now what he ought to be; a regular, solemn, jesuitical—in short—he's a very promising young man.

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Sir, your hand—Ready yours, well! here I am—quite converted—like father, like son—tell a lie without blushing.

Flush. Here—I told you so—ay, ay, I knew the boy would come to something good at last—so my dear boy you've left off telling the truth—speaking your mind.

Gingham. Mum! close as the cabinet—keep you in my eye—put on your face, and do it so punctually, you wouldn't know young P. O. from yourself—*(Looking about the room,)* zounds! what a fine house you've got! how its furnish'd! what plate! what pictures!

Flush. The result of trade and honest industry, Frank—yes—its pretty furniture isn't it?

Gingham. Pretty furniture! it's so handsome, that except yourself, curse me, if I see a shabby bit in the room!—nay, nay, upon my soul, I didn't allude to you; I meant Ready.

Ready.

Ready. He's at his old tricks I see—as candid as ever.

Gingham. Plague on't! I could sooner bite off my tongue, than stop its speaking what I think! nay, sir, now pray.

Flush. Well, well, I excuse you this once; I, a shabby bit! however we shall soon see—how goes on the shop in London?

Gingham. The shop!

Flush. Ay, the shop in the city that you've the care of—the linens—the—

Gingham. Oh ay; now I recollect; why very well upon the whole, I believe, sir—very well—only between ourselves; I'm afraid it won't last; I think we and our tricks shall be found out—you understand—

Flush. Found out! 'sblood, sirrah—

Gingham. Softly sir—softly—don't put yourself in a passion, and lay the blame on me; don't charge me with our ruin, for every body knew my opinion long ago; didn't they, Ready? I told it to a thousand people—says I, “swindling will never thrive, and I and my poor father shall get duck'd at last!”

Flush. You did! did you?

Gingham. That I did, sir; and I'll prove I said so—the other night I slept at the west end, and two friends—distress'd old officers in the army—brought their notes to be discounted—says I, “Gentlemen, it won't do—you'll get little cash, but a quantity of trumpery nonsense, such as hams, cheeses, prints, linens, and other vegetables!” said they; “we know that—we know you and your father are two infernal sharpers, but a guinea now is worth ten a month hence—so give us the money.”

Flush. Well; and you took their note, didn't you?

Gingham. No, I didn't—I gave them the cash, shook the two old soldiers by the hand, and said I was tir'd of such d——d swindling practices.

Ready. This is sad work, Mr. Gingham you'll never be at the top of your profession.

Gingham. The top!—Oh! what the pillory? no—I leave that to you, Ready!

Flush. Was there ever such a scoundrel?—but we'll hear more, (*aside.*)—So, you sleep at the west end of the town, do you?

Gingham. Always—its vulgar to be in the city of an evening; besides I like to walk in Kensington-gardens in the morning—You know Kensington-gardens, father—the place where there's such a mixture of green leaves and brown powder—of blue violets and yellow shoes; and where there's such a croud, that to get air and exercise you stand a chance of broken bones and suffocation!—Well!—there I strut away, my boys—

Flush. You do—do you?—I can hardly keep my hands off the rascal—So then I suppose, the moment my back was turn'd, you never thought of business.

Gingham. Business!—no never—Did I, Ready? I recollected my father play'd the same game before me; that when he was clerk at the lottery-office, at billiards all the morning, and at hazard all the evening—therefore, says I, where's the difference?—none! but that he had the policy to conceal his tricks, and I the folly to shew mine—heh! I'm right—an't I, Ready?

Flush. You villain!—is this your reformation? not even conceal your own faults, much more

G

mine.

mine. Expose my character, neglect my trade, and strut away in Kensington-gardens! I have done with you from the country you came, and to the country you shall return—Speak the truth, indeed! zounds! firrah, what has truth to do with money lending! [Here Ready exit.

Enter CLARA SEDLEY.

Clara. Oh, Guardy—I'm just come to Bath with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley—we are all on a visit at Sir George Gauntlet's, and—

(seeing Gingham, she stops.)

Flush. Its only my son, Clara—a simple foolish young man.

Gingham. (bowing to her.) More knave than fool, upon my honour, ma'am.

Clara. The gentleman don't praise himself I see, Mr. Flush.

Gingham. No, ma'am—nor do I know any body that will praise me—unless my father indeed.

Flush. Silence, sir!—well: but about the rural pair, my dear ward; do you know I have a great regard for Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

Clara. Have you? I'm vastly glad of that for your joint guardian, Sir Paul, is so employ'd in seeking for his lost child, that he has forgot his promise to assist Darnley; therefore I want you to do him a favour.

Flush. A favour!—he may command me.

Clara. The case is this—his increase of family has so enlarg'd his expences, that he has thoughts of returning to the army—Sir George has promised to procure him a company, but Mrs. Darnley, not chusing he should owe his promotion to him, wishes he should purchase; now, Guardy,

Guardy, if you would lend him two hundred pounds.

Flush. Two hundred pounds, child!

Gingham. Ay, two hundred pounds, father!

Flush. Who bid you speak, sir?—Why, Clara, in money matters there is an etiquette.

Clara. True: but this is your friend.

Gingham. So it is, ma'am: the man he has a great regard for.

Clara. And when you consider the charms of Mrs. Darnley, and the wants of her children—

Gingham. He can't refuse, ma'am—indeed he don't intend it—and therefore as I see he means to grant the favour, I'll save him the trouble of putting his hand in his pocket—Here, ma'am! (*taking out bank notes*) here are two bank notes of a hundred each—they belong to Mr. Flush—now they belong to Mr. Darnley—(*Flush gets in his way and prevents Clara's taking them.*)—he begs you'll give them to his friend—and present his compliments—and say, he'll double the sum.

Flush. Stand off—stand off—or by heavens I'll—

Gingham. (*Offering Clara the notes across his father*) Double the sum, whenever call'd upon, ma'am.

Flush. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock it down your throat, sirrah.—I say, Clara, in the way of business, I've no objection to do Mr. Darnley a service; that is, if I can make a profit by it—first, he should send me his note.

Clara. Here it is, sir. (*Giving it to Flush.*)

Flush. That's right—now we can proceed—here, sir—(*Giving the note to Gingham,*) take the note to my agent, and tell him to give Mr. Darnley thirty pounds—I can afford it.

Gingham. This is too bad—take in his own friend, and a man with a family, (*aside.*) Sir,—a word if you please—I told you, we were all blown upon—now, here's an opportunity for retrieving our reputation—lend him the two hundred pounds—prove, for once, we can behave like gentlemen, and hark'ye—we shan't reach the top of the profession.

(*putting up his neckcloth.*)

Flush. This is beyond bearing—quit the room directly—'sdeath!—leave my house, sir—be gone!—I disinheret you—I—

Clara. Lord!—why so angry, guardian?—I'm sure he is a good young man, and as warm in his heart—

Flush. Warm in his heart!—nonsense!—will he be warm in the funds? no—never—while he is so candid—so—

Clara. Not while he is candid, sir?

Flush. No—do you think I made my fortune by candour or openness; answer me, sir—did I ever get a shilling by speaking the truth—speak!

Gingham. (*In a melancholy voice.*) No, sir, I never said you did—I know the contrary, sir; madam, I'm of a communicative disposition, I own; but there are many secrets of my father's I never blabb'd.

Flush. Are there, sir?

Gingham. Yes, that there are, sir.

Flush. I don't recollect them.

Gingham. Don't you? Why, now, did I ever mention, sir, that you got these pictures by suing out execution? That you got that plate, by its being pawn'd to you for half its value; that you intrigue with a female money-lender; and that the last time you were made a bankrupt, you

you went to get your certificate signed in a new vis-a-vis? did I, or will I ever mention these things?

Flush. Begone, sir—I'll never see you more—
Yet, stay—you have papers in your possession—
—meet me in an hour's time at my agent's, sir,
—at Mr. Ready's.

Gingham. Forgive me this once, father—I'll never let the cat out any more.

Flush. No, sir, I never will forgive you—I am engaged, sir, and you know we great men are select in our company.

Gingham. Well, if it must be so—farewell, father! the world is all before me, and what trade to follow, heaven only knows. Good bye, madam!—your sex will never befriend me, because I can't keep a secret, you see.

Clara. I will befriend you, sir; for while there is so much deception and hypocrisy in the world, it would indeed be unjust, not to approve such frankness and honesty. Guardy, let me intercede for him; I'll answer for his conduct.

Gingham. Aye; and if ever I mention ducking or swindling again.—There! you see he's fix'd, ma'am.

Clara. At present he is, and therefore leave him, perhaps by the time you meet him at the agent's I shall have talked him into good humour. Adieu! depend on't, I shan't forget your generous intentions.

Gingham. Nor shall I, yours; and if fortune smiles on me, I'll prove that I deserve your kindness—If ever my father pardons—but I see he's more and more angry, so I take my leave. May every blessing attend you—may you meet with a heart as liberal as your own—May your
cousins'

cousins' distresses vanish—may your guardian once more value a son, who can't help speaking the truth for the soul of him. *[Exit.]*

Clara. Upon my word he's a charming man! and pardon him you must, Guardy, if its only to please me.

Flusby. No—I'm determined.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dinner's ready.

Flusby. Come, Clara, you shall dine with me; I want to talk to you, and if I cou'd see my joint Guardian, Sir Paul—

Clara. I met him at your door—he's only just gone by.

Flusby. Just gone by! that's a mistake; for the old beau has been gone by these thirty years: however, come in—come, and eat and drink what you like. Call for burgundy, champagne, or tokay—Ay, call for tokay at a guinea a pint; I can afford it, my dear Ward, I can afford it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*The Crescent and the surrounding country.*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE, and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Lady Sarah. Sir George, I own my weakness: the proud, the haughty lady Sarah is humbled; Darnley has ensnared my heart, and one way or other, I must insure his pity—Heigho! you are his friend, Sir George.

Sir George. You see I am; and that he esteems me more than ever, is evident from his bringing Mrs. Darnley to my house—did you mind his orders to her?—take an airing my dear with Sir George in his phaeton! it will raise your spirits, my love!—Ha! ha! he absolutely throws her into my arms.

Lady Sarah. Yes; but she absolutely contrives to get out of them again.—

Sir George. She does; and therefore, there is no way but the one I mentioned—we must make Darnley jealous.

Lady Sarah. True:—I'll tell him that you love his wife.

Sir George. Nay, nay, not me—fix on somebody else—we'll soon find an object, and then by convincing him of her falsehood, he naturally turns his thoughts to another woman; which is you, you know—and she wanting a protector, consequently flies to another man, which is me, you know—we'll add the Signor to the confederacy.

Lady

Lady Sarah. You're a sad wretch—a sad wretch indeed, Sir George, to impose on a friend, who places such confidence—such—I won't hear you—positively I won't hear you—only observe, if I don't win the cruel Darnley's affections, I'll drive my Phaeton down a precipice in reality; I will, or with the bayonet of my fusil, pierce my too tender heart, and expire at his feet.

Enter the honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. So Sarah—I and Sir Paul have had such an adventure!—though we quarrel'd last night, we made it up to day; for I never think alike two hours together—Do you, sister?

Lady Sarah. Never: but when I think of you brother, then I think more than I say, I assure you.

Savage. No; you say more than you think, I assure you—but would you believe it? The old boy has seen his son,—we trac'd him from the stage coach he came in, to the pump room, from the pump room, to the billiard room—there Sir Paul saw him playing with the marker, and when he heard the young man's name, he fainted; actually fainted in my arms.

Lady Sarah. What, in a fit! poor old man! well! if you'll believe me, Sir George, I never saw a person in a fit in all my life.

Savage. Long before he recover'd, the young man was gone—the bird was flown—for the standers by, all blacklegs began laying betts on Sir Paul's recovery, and those who were against him, wouldn't let water be thrown in his face.

Lady Sarab. Inhuman wretches!—they ought to have sours'd him to death: but pray, brother, who is this child? where does he come from? what's the story?

Savage. Why—about twenty years ago, Sir Paul's lady quarrell'd with him at Tunbridge, and married a citizen—Four months after the marriage she had a son, which the citizen brought up as his own, and Sir Paul now swears the boy was his—'gad! it will be curious; for the child will have two fathers.

Lady Sarab. Curious! not at all—but why should you meddle?

Savage. Because it secures me the two best racers in his stud—Fidget and Fizgig; and what's better, because it still secures us Sir Paul's fortune: for though he won't marry you himself, he intends his son should; and, if I could but once more see the young man—I know he goes by his mother's name—*(Looking out)* heh! its him! there he is again!—get out of the way; don't interrupt—

Lady Sarab. No—I have too great a regard for Sir Paul's property to interrupt any plan for securing it; besides, Sir George and I have business—come—I say brother, tell the old gentleman to be careful, and in his eagerness bid him not claim another man's child instead of his own!

[Exit with Sir George:]

Savage. Where can Sir Paul be loitering? he said he'd follow me—mum!

[Stands aside.]

H

Enter

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Oh! what a whirligig world is this? I that was brought up to lend money; must now try to borrow it: but where? who'll trust a wandering linen-draper! who'll trust the notorious young P. O.? however, I've got my equivalent; I can speak my mind now—no longer need I smother my thoughts, and be ready to burst: no longer have an itching on my tongue, and be ready to bite it in two—no, no, I may open now. The sweet lady sends me word my father is inexorable, but hopes she shall soon see me again; heigho! I hope so too; when I think of her, my heart feels such queer sensations—I have it: she has taken lessons of my father, and swindled me out of my affections; but then my poverty—I can never indulge even a hope.—(*Sees Mr. Savage.*)—Ha! here's the friend of the queer old gentleman, who fainted in the billiard room.

Savage. (advancing pompously.) Sir, the honourable Henry Savage has the pleasure—the felicity—What are you—

Gingham. the honourable?

Savage. Ay: why didn't you know it?

Gingham. No: nor never should if you hadn't told me—ha! ha! ha! ha!

Savage. Ha! ha! ha! you're a droll dog! 'gad! you shall come to my house, and pass a week with me.

Gingham. Faith! a year with all my soul! I've nothing to do with myself; I've left off trade; haven't change for sixpence in the world,
and

and so my little right honourable—I'll honour you with my company. [*Shaking him by the band.*]

Savage. Hush! if you want money don't own it: we great people are close—

Gingham. I know it; æconomical too!—you live cheap.

Savage. What! people of fashion live cheap?

Gingham. To be sure; you don't pay; and if that isn't living cheap, the devil's in't!—ha! here's the fainting gentleman again!—who the deuce is he?

Savage. I fancy you'll find him a pretty near relation of yours—at least, if you were born at Tunbridge, and your mother's name was Gingham.

Gingham. It was; that's the name of her, and of the town.

Savage. Say you so?—(*Enter Sir Paul Perpetual,*)—The racers are mine, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Ay: my whole stud—any thing: every thing! only let me have another peep at my dear boy!—only let me prove to posterity!

Savage. There he is!

Sir Paul. Where!

Savage. There! there is your son! who was born at Tunbridge—whose mother's name was Gingham, and who is now without a shilling in his pocket, or a friend in the world—joy! joy! old boy! you've got a young P. at last!

Sir Paul. Stand off! let me come at him; come to thy father's arms!

Gingham. My father!

Sir Paul. Ay: thy real father! who has a fortune to bestow on thee, and health, youth, and spirits to share in all thy pleasures—The dog has my right eye to a T.

H 2

Gingham.

Gingham. (*To Mr. Savage.*) Pray does your friend bite in his fits?

Savage. (*aside to Gingham.*) Hark'ye—its Sir Paul Perpetual! better known by the name of old P.—he has an immense property.

Gingham. Has he?

Savage. Yes: and if its certain you are his son, he'll give you every farthing of it.

Gingham. Oh! if that's the case—if he has an immense property—let me see who dare deny it? Sir, your blessing!—(*kneeling.*)—I always said I wasn't my father's own child.

Sir Paul. Rise my boy! my darling! and tell us how the citizen educated you!—The turn of my nose exactly!

Gingham. I've done with linens, gauzes, and muslins now!—let the shop and all its swindling go to the bottom—I'm the son of Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P. I'm not a tradesman —.

Sir Paul. Tradesman!—zounds!—my son brought up in a shop!—how it freezes my warm blood!—look'ye, my boy—two things I must request of you—never to talk about trade, or mention your former father's name.

Gingham. Never—I'll never mention his name because I despise it; but as to trade, what's bred in the bone, you know father —

Sir Paul. Well—well—come to Mr. Savage's house; there we'll introduce you to your intended wife—Miss Savage will soon break you of talking about trade, or the city—so come along.

Savage. Ay: pray give up the city—the rich rogues have no taste for us men of wit and genius—they estimate every thing by property,
and

and if the great Ben Jonson—nay, if the great Big Ben were alive, is there one citizen would give the poor dogs a dinner?

Sir Paul. No—you're right there; in the city a man that has no money, has no wit—the smallest bank note is more entertaining than the wittiest manuscript; and talk of Ben Jonson's name for jokes—damme, Abraham Newland beats him hollow! isn't it true, my boy?

Gingham. As true, as that you beat my other father hollow—come—henceforth, no money lending tricks for me. But young P. O. shall stick to gay old P. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-Room in Mr. SAVAGE'S House at Bath.*

Enter Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET and Signor CYGNET.

Sir George. Bravo! Signor bravissimo!—and so Lady Sarah Savage has actually persuaded Darnley, that his wife loves another man?

Signor. Si—at first he no believe—but Lady Sarah lay it down with such courage—her oaths were so superbe, and mine so magnifique, that 'at last he accompany us with tears—pauvre Mister Darnley!—Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert.

Sir George. And who did you say Mrs. Darnley was attached to?

Signor. Attendez—Sir Paul—what you call—old P.—he has found one child—eh bien!—the enfant was at the comedie, and saw Madame Darnley and her 'cousin maltraité by some qu'on appelle bobbies—villains who fight de duels, and interrupt de music—Vell! de child relieve de ladies, conduct them home—sup, and dough all de time he make love to Mad'moiselle Clara—

Sir George. Yet, Lady Sarah Savage fixes on him for Mrs. Darnley's gallant—excellent! and if this scheme fails, I understand she has another—there is Mr. Flush—a sort of money agent.

Signor. Je connois—je connois—he make a you poor, by lending you cash.

Sir

Sir George. This Mr. Flush has got Darnley's note for two hundred pounds—now he can't pay it; and therefore if Lady Sarah Savage buys it up——

Signor. Je comprende—she say, give me my heart, or pay me my money—ah ha!—I see you will be the first fiddle yourself;—(*looking out.*) le voici!—here is Mr. Flush!

Sir George. No—it's Sir Paul and the son you spoke of—good day Signor—and if you see Darnley, tell him I'm out of town.

Signor I vill!—ecoutez—I no like to meet this Sir Paul—ven he ask me to his house, he always sing himself—toujours—if he has de cold—de fore throat—il chante! and begar: he sing as well with the hoarseness, as without—bon-jour, Sir George—bon-jour—(*going, recollects and turns back.*) Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert? [*Exit.*]

Sir George. Darnley, jealous of his wife! and she under my own roof!—now, if I can persuade her to retaliate—here's her supposed gallant.

Enter Sir PAUL and GINGHAM, elegantly dressed.

Gingham. I tell you, father, Clara Sedley is the girl of my heart!—your ward is the girl for young P.

Sir Paul. Nonsense!—haven't I made you a gentleman—stuck a sword by your side?—haven't I brought you here to address Lady Sarah Savage?—ha! Sir George!—now mind (*to Gingham*) and conceal your low education—not a word about trade or the warehouse; for I mean to put you into the army, and I've told every body

body you've been on your travels.—Sir George!
—my son!

Sir George. (bowing,) Sir, I'm very proud of the honour.

Gingham. Sir!—I'm very proud of—*(bowing up to him, and spying at his chatterlin)*—right India muslin, by all that's—mum!

Sir George. You've been a great traveller, fir;—much abroad?

Gingham. Abroad!—yes, fir—I was seldom at home—generally at the West End, for between ourselves, though I was brought up to trade, I always despis'd the warehouse—always—pshaw!

Sir Paul. (taking him aside.) Zounds!—mind what you're at—consider, if you talk as my son; about liners and the warehouse, they'll take your father for a tradesman; they'll say I'm a haberdasher, knighted on a city address!

Gingham. A haberdasher!—that's a good one, a very good one—upon my soul, Sir George, my father isn't such a fool, as you take him for—no—that he isn't—are you, father?

Lady Sarah Savage. (without.) When Mr. Flush comes, shew him up stairs.

Sir George. Here's your intended wife, fir—'gad! I hope it will be a match, for Lady Sarah is so anxious for a husband, that in the scramble, she might seize me at last—come, Sir Paul—let's leave the happy pair together.

Sir Paul. Now, remember what I told you—Lady Sarah is the essence of fashion and good breeding; and if you want to polish, and rub off the city-rust, imitate her—copy her elegant manners.

Sir George. Ay: she's the rage!—and, if he wants to secure her affections, bid him imitate

his father, Sir Paul—copy you, and he must succeed with the women.

Sir Paul. Ay, that he must, Sir George—there's not a girl at Newmarket, not a dancer at the opera, or a singer at the ancient concert, but adores me—they treat me with the same respect they would a father—they say I'm so quiet—so inoffensive—so harmless.

Gingham. Harmless! do they say you're harmless, father?

Sir Paul. Ay, harmless, and under that idea, I've done more mischief, then any ten dangerous men in Europe—So copy her manners, and success to you, my boy!

[Exit with Sir George.]

Gingham. Bravo! these are fine times, Master Gingham,—but will they last?—is there no trick play'd, or to be play'd thee?—Sir Paul I'm told has a way of disguising himself in women's cloathes, surely this is't another masquerading affair—Ah! here's spouse!—now to imitate her fashionable manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE.

Lady Sarah. Marry him, I will: because in the first place, there's a scarcity of husbands; and in the next, being his wife, secures Sir Paul's fortune, and makes Darnley for ever in my pow'r—besides, I can draw the youth into all my schemes—hem!

Gingham. Hem! (*imitating her.*) If this is a woman of fashion, the breed is grown pretty bold I think.

Lady Sarah. I must shew him my spirit—terrify him before marriage, in order to tame
I him

him after. *(Going towards him wriggling her head.)*
Sir!

Gingham. *(Going towards her wriggling his head.)*
Ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Give me a chair!
(Staring full in his face.)

Gingham. A chair, ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Yes, a chair, sir.

Gingham. *(Staring full in her face.)* Essence of breeding!—she's the essence of brags! *(brings her a chair.)* A chair, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. *(Staring vacantly.)* He little knows what a life I shall lead him.

Gingham. *(Shews alarm.)* Heh!—a chair, ma'am!—here's a chair, I say—*(loudly.)*

Lady Sarah. Oh, I forgot—I am really so absent—*(sits down)* he! he! he!

(Spying in his face.)
Gingham. *(sitting down.)* Are you really!—he! he! he!—I should like to—*(mimicking)* imitate her manners! hang me if I dare—she has set me all in a tremble—pheugh! *(Puffing himself with his bat, and drawing his chair from her.)*

Lady Sarah. Look up, my hero! *(slapping him.)* You can't think how I rejoice at your being designed for the army. I'm of a military, martial turn myself, and shall serve every campaign with you.

Gingham. You serve campaigns!—I wish I was out of the room—pheugh! *(aside.)*

Lady Sarah. I shall make an excellent soldier—a dauntless warrior! and if you talk of little unfledg'd fluttering ensigns, look at me—look!—*(shaking him)* march!—wheel about!—left!—make ready!—present!—fire!

Gingham.

Gingham. (*Looking first at her feet, then at her head.*) It is—it is an impostor!—ugh! (*whistles.*)

Lady Sarab. Shan't I make a warlike appearance! animate one army, and intimidate another? restore the name of amazon—revive the age of chivalry, and if there are fools that threaten, and cowards that dread an invasion; Oh! how the thought fires me!—(*rises,*)—give me a few champions like myself, and we'll stand on our white cliffs, and scare away whole nations.

Gingham. Damme, it's another man in woman's cloathes! don't agitate yourself—be compos'd—(*to her as she walks about.*) what would I give to be snug behind the counter?

Lady Sarab. I am no timid helpless woman; I can shoot—I can fence—flourish a sword, or fire off a musket!—penetrate your sword arm at the first thrust, or lodge a bullet in your forehead at forty yards.

Gingham. Keep cool—my hero keep cool! Oh! it's a clear case—it's a man, and here am I to rub off the rust, by being run through the body! sit down my fine fellow! sit down.

Lady Sarab. Fine fellow!

Gingham. Ay, I see how it is—Sir Paul has adopted me out of joke, and you are to make mince meat of me for my vanity!

Lady Sarab. Why, what is all this! (*smiling.*) mince meat!

Gingham. He smiles! then the joke's at an end, and they don't mean to hurt me! give me your hand—you comical dog, give me your hand.

Lady Sarab. Comical dog! what do you mean? explain.

Gingham. Explain! nay: that's too bad—do you think I don't know you my jolly boy?—do you think I can't see you are a gentleman?

Lady Sarah. What! I a gentleman?

Gingham. Ay, and a brave one too!—why I suspected you at first sight!—I saw there was nothing feminine about you, and then when I looked you full in the face, “pooh,” says I, this can never be a woman!

Lady Sarah. Not a woman!—have I studied modern fashions? exceeded all the present race of high spirited women! only to be mistaken for—Oh Lord! I never wept before in all my life—but this—Oh, I shall faint—Oh! Oh! (*Sits in a chair weeping.*)

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. My rascal of a son has gone off with all my papers—Darnley's note amongst the number—and though Lady Sarah would give twice the value for it, I cannot find him—

Gingham. (*advancing to him.*) Hush! not so loud father—he'll flourish a sword—fire off a musket!

Flush. He!—who!—but how came you here, sir? in this disguise too!

Gingham. Phoo!—it isn't me that's disguis'd, a word—(*whispers to him*)—there! (*pointing to Lady Sarah Savage.*)

Flush. What! that lady!

Gingham. No; that comical dog—I'm sure of it—mum!

Flush. Ha! ha! ha!—you blockhead! why it's Lady Sarah Savage! she's rather masculine to be sure:

ture: but Lord help you—she and I are old friends.

Gingham. What! you know her? do you!

Flush. Know her!—why I'll take my oath she's a woman.

Gingham. He'll take his oath!—Oh then I see my error—she's on the pavé, discarded; and they want to palm her on me.

Flush. Fool!—would you make more blunders! can't you tell a women of fashion from a

Gingham. No—there it is, sir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other! and, if likewise they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and prefer masculine assurance, to feminine diffidence, is it amazing, that a gentleman should confound the sexes? however, I'm glad it's not a man.

Flush. Come—come—without further enquiry, give me Darnley's note; the one Clara brought; the comical dog there, as you call her, is in love with Darnley, and wants to hold the bill as a rod over his head: I shall only ask her one hundred pounds premium for it.

Gingham. (*Taking the note out of his pocket book.*) Only a hundred premium! heh!

Flush. No; I can afford it: and she, by arresting him, can make her own terms—you understand!

Gingham. Perfectly; so I'll shew her the note, and make peace—(*goes towards Miss Savage, who is still sitting.*)—madam—lady.

Lady Sarah. Plhaw! don't come near me, brute.

Gingham.

Gingham. I am convinc'd of my mistake, ma'am—this gentleman will take his oath on the subject, and therefore—in hopes of making amends—here is a note, my lady, a note of Mr. Darnley's for two hundred pounds.

Lady Sarah. What did you say, sir?

Gingham. A note of Mr. Darnley's, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. (*Looking at it.*) So it is, sign'd with his own dear hand—(*rises*)—well, now I look at you again, sir, I'm quite ashamed of our silly misunderstanding—I am indeed—he! he! perhaps it was my fault—nay—I dare say it was—and so, that's Mr. Darnley's note, is it?

Gingham. It is, and now I recollect, wasn't the lady I conducted from the play, his wife?

Lady Sarah. It was—but entre nous—what's the price of that foolish bit of paper?

Flush. Only three hundred pounds! one hundred for the premium, and two for the principal.

Lady Sarah. Here is the money then.

Gingham. (*Putting his hand on hers.*) Softly! keep the principal, because you'll both want it, and as to the note, I'll keep that, lest somebody else should want it! (*putting it in his pocket,*) you brought me up to the trade, and if I haven't learnt a trick or two, Mr. Flush, it's no fault of yours.

Flush. What! would you turn swindler, you rascal!

Lady Sarah. Ay, this is a new mode of getting money.

Gingham. No—not so very new—is it Mr. Flush?—however, as the wife is the only person that ought to have a pow'r over the husband,
I'll

I'll e'en go instantly to Mrs. Darnley, and give it her.—

Enter DARNLEY.

Darnley. (fiercely.) What, sir?

Gingham. A note for two hundred pounds, sir,—have you any objections? never mind the loss of the premium, Mr. Flush—you can afford it, you know—adieu!—Mr. Bluff, *(To Darnley, who is frowning,)* your servant—it wouldn't do—you comical dog, it wouldn't do!—

(Shewing Lady Sarah Savage the note, and exit.)

Darnley. (To Lady Sarah Savage.) 'Sdeath!—this is the very man you told me of.

Lady Sarah. Ay, now can you want further proof of his attachment to your wife?—I'll leave it to any body?—isn't it evident, Mr. Flush?

Flush. His giving her two hundred pounds is a strong circumstance to be sure—but then, when I recollect the money is mine, and not his—

Darnley. What then, sir.

Flush. Why then, I think, the lady ought to be in love with me, and not him, sir.

Darnley. I'll set out for London, and never see her more—yet no—I'll be satisfied—I'll know the worst!—I'll instantly pursue this new found idol of her heart, and if I catch him in her presence—

Lady Sarah. Kill him—for a wretch, who can't distinguish the human species, isn't fit to live—come—I'll go with you.

Flush. So will I—but pray don't kill him, till I've got my papers.

Lady

Lady Sarah. Nay, don't fret about it, Mr. Darnley—you shall return with me to Savage-house—come—never think of going to London at this time of year—it's so thin—all the great houses are lock'd up, and there's no making a fashionable party; is there, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am—I and my attorney can always collect a fashionable party, and if the great houses are lock'd up, why there are great people in lock-up-houses, so don't be afraid of finding good company, Mr. Darnley!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*A library in Sir George Gauntlet's house.*

Sir GEORGE, and a servant meeting.

Servant. Sir! Sir! Mrs. Darnley is coming here to look for some books.

Sir George. That's fortunate: did you deliver my message to her, and her husband?

Servant. I did, sir, I told them you were gone out of town, and would not return till to-morrow.

Sir George. Very well! then, in case of accident, leave open the private door that leads behind the library. (*Servant opens a door that leads behind the library.*) A man of intrigue should always have a place to lay snug in, and where is he so little likely to be discover'd, as amongst works of study and reflection! here she is!

mind

mind we're not interrupted: (*Servant exit—Sir George retires towards the Library.*)

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Will Mr. Darnley never be convinc'd of this friend's hypocrisy! he is so credulous, that he even now places more confidence in him, than ever: I'm glad Sir George is out of town—I can at least pass another hour in peace, and—(*Going towards the Library, Sir George meets her.*)

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley; I'm only a living volume, and if you will peruse my thoughts, you'll read of nothing but yourself—you are engraved here in indelible letters, upon my honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I was inform'd—but this is no time for parleying—alone and unprotected! (*Going, Sir George stands in her way.*)

Sir George. Nay, you know I have long professed a regard for you; long thought you the finest woman on earth! and as a proof, didn't I offer you my hand, before my friend—

Mrs. Darnley. Friend! call him by some other name, Sir George, and don't profane such honourable terms.

Sir George. Why, isn't he my friend? haven't I so completely gain'd his affections, that he wishes me to win yours? does he not bring you here—to my house!—leave me tête-a-tête with you! and in every respect prove so kind, so obliging—

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—if he has exposed me to insults, I am the person to accuse him—not you!

K

you ! I know his heart, and I know yours—one has my love—my esteem—the other—

Sir George. Has what, my sweet creature ?

Mrs. Darnley. My scorn.

Sir George. Nay then—I must tell you, that when I condescend to love a woman, I always insist on making her happy ; and therefore, with opportunity on my side, and the whole world to lay the blame on your husband ———

Mrs. Darnley. On him ! the world is not so easily deceiv'd ! but lest it should, I'll vindicate his fame—I'll proclaim the falsehood of his friend—his perfidy ———

Sir George. Gently—gently—I see I must take advantage now or never ! (*Goes to the door.*)

Mrs. Darnley. What do you mean, sir ?

Sir George. First to fasten the door, and then, my angel—(*As he opens it to fasten it closely, Gingham enters and pushes by him.*)

Gingham. And then, my angel—to give you two hundred pounds—this note, ma'am, is Mr. Darnley's—it accidentally fell into my hands, and I designedly place it in yours—put it up, ma'am—keep it tight in your pocket ; for what, with one having a rage for disguises—another having a rage for swindling—a third—(*Seeing Sir George.*)—ha ! my judge of good breeding ! is it you ?

Sir George. This blockhead has ruin'd one scheme already, I see.

Gingham. I'll tell you a secret Sir George ; you fashionable people are very vulgar—it is your fine cloathes, gay equipages, and superb houses that are well bred, and not yourselves, egad ! now only pull off that spangled coat—stick yourself behind a counter, and ———.

Sir George.

Sir George. Sir, don't you see I'm busy?

Gingham. To be sure I do.

Sir George. Why don't you leave the room then?

Gingham. Because I've no where else to go.

Sir George. Then I command you; this lady and I are engag'd.

Mrs. Darnley. Engag'd, Sir George!—Sir, (*to Gingham*) if you'll conduct me to Mr. Darnley, I shall think myself a second time indebted to your gallantry.

Sir George. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand,*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire—

Gingham. Oh! I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! oh fie! fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding!—your hand, ma'am—(*Trying to pass Sir George.*)

Sir George. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought.

Gingham. Often fought! what in earnest?

Sir George. Rascal! draw.

Gingham. No—I'd rather not.

Sir George. What! you don't like to fight!

Gingham. No—who the devil does! but you call me rascal, sir—now I've been long in doubt whether I am one or not—but if I was half as clear on the subject as you must be, I'd own it publickly—I'd say, "I Sir George Gauntlet am such a rude—ill bred—vulgar"—

Sir George. Coward!—come on—(*Drawing his sword.*)

Gingham. Come on!—well! why shouldn't I! I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*Snapping his fingers,*)—for ef-

feminate men! so, though I never learnt to fence in all my life—though I don't know whether to hold my sword in my right hand or my left, have at thee!—ha!—ha!—

Sir GEORGE and GINGHAM make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.

Sir George. Zounds!—if this should be Darnley—*(looks out.)*—it is! I'm ruin'd—undone!

Gingham. Ay, ay, I must take lessons—I'm touch'd—pink'd—*(shaking his hand which is slightly wounded.)*

Sir George. If I stir, I meet Darnley—hark'ye Sir—*(aside to Gingham.)*—that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour—

Gingham. You'll run me through the body I suppose—well! as I can't fence—mum!

Sir George. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms; promise—or—you know my way—

Gingham. I do—I'll live and fight another day.

Sir GEORGE goes behind the Library unperceiv'd by GINGHAM or by Mrs. DARNLEY.

Gingham. I wish I knew the name of Sir George's fencing master—*(Mrs. Darnley comes to him)*—my dear ma'am, don't be uneasy—it's only graz'd, and if they don't send doctors and apothecaries to me, I shall live to pink him, again and again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (*Darnley enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darnley. (*still behind*) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

Gingham. (*to Mrs. Darnley.*) You hav'nt got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel by all that's sacred.

Darnley. How I make love before my face!—(*advances*) So Mrs. Darnley—

Mrs. Darnley. Oh my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man—

Darnley. Generous young man!

Mrs. Darnley. Has been wounded in my cause, and—

Darnley. And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

Gingham. Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambrick as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff—as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband—

Darnley. I am her husband, sir!—who has long lov'd—long ador'd her!—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour.

Mrs. Darnley. What does he say?—dishonour!

Darnley. Yes, madam—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face?

face?—observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections; so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs. Darnley. I know not what he means: but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart!—in pity do!—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

Darnley. (taking her hand.) Do you not love him.

Mrs. Darnley. Whom!

Darnley. (Pointing to Gingham.) Him.

Gingham. Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master!—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to —
(here a book falls from the library.)
crau—au—au!
(checking himself.) I shall be a dead man, before I know it.

Darnley. Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!—he is out of town and has so often prov'd himself a friend. —

Mrs. Darnley. Friend!—Oh, Mr. Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine—it is that very friend, who would destroy your domestic peace; who would rob you of a heart, that is, and ever shall be all your own! and that, even now, might have triumph'd o'er a helpless woman, had not his friendly arm been stretch'd to serve me.

Gingham.

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll—
(another book falls.) crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not encrease your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.)

GINGHAM looks round, and sees Sir GEORGE'S face frowning at him through the aperture.)

Gingham. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't! because—because—*(looking round again)* its better to be choak'd then kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—*(aside)* we meet no more— *(going.)*

Mrs. Darnley. *(Holding him.)* Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children. —

Gingham. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions—*(Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.)* Ay, grin away you—Sir! can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

Gingham.

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Gingham.

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll—
(another book falls.) crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not encrease your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends,

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space. GINGHAM looks round, and sees Sir GEORGE'S face frowning at him through the aperture.)

Gingham. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't! because—because—*(looking round again)* it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—*(aside)* we meet no more—*(going.)*

Mrs. Darnley. *(Holding him.)* Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children. —

Gingham. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions—*(Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.)* Ay, grin away you—Sir! can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

Gingham.

Gingham. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darnley. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinc'd of the truth of your story —

Gingham. Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer!

(Runs up to the Library—forces open the front doors, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET is discover'd!)

Gingham. There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? *(Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.)*

Darnley. 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

Sir George. Ah, Darnley!—how d'ye do!—this is a droll circumstance, isn't it!—but I hope you are convinc'd.

Darnley. Yes, sir, I am convinc'd.

Gingham. We're all convinc'd, sir.

Darnley. That you and Lady Sarah have join'd in a conspiracy to deceive me and betray my wife; that you have meanly put on the mask of friendship, to conceal the blackest artifices, and that if you had come to my house and boldly plunder'd me of all my fortune—

Gingham. He'd only have been hang'd!—but now he shall be cut to atoms.

Sir George. Be cautious in your language, Mr. Darnley—you know my disposition.

Darnley. I do—I know you well: and henceforth if you dare, either by action, word, or look; mark me, sir—raise but a blush in her unsullied cheek,

cheek, I will resent it—I'll inflict a punishment, great as your arrogance deserves!

Sir George. Arrogance!

Gingham. Ay, arrogance!—are you deaf!

Sir George. Sir, this requires an explanation; you shall hear from me.

Gingham. Pooh!

Darnley. Delay not then, for I shall leave your house this moment, (*Sir George exit.*)—come Maria—to you and this gentleman I have a thousand apologies —

Gingham. Bless you! I'm amply paid in letting my tongue wag—and as to any thing else, allow me once more to speak my mind to your sweet cousin, Clara! come let's go to her—Oh! you well bred ruffian!—to be first pink'd, and then nearly choak'd by such a ———; on the whole, though, I never fought better in all my life!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern—Dinner under Covers—Darnley discover'd sitting at the Table—Waiter attending.*

Darnley. Tell Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Darnley is waiting—what's o'clock?

Waiter. Six, sir.

Darnley. The time draws near—I wonder where my friend can be? put some wine on the table and leave me.

Waiter. Sir George is below, in close conversation with a gentleman, who seems anxious to see you, sir.

Darnley. His second, I suppose—tell him, I am here—(*Waiter exit.*) 'Sdeath!—to what have I reduc'd myself?—I that had every joy this world can give—a peaceful home—a wife that lov'd, and children that rever'd me!—I to be now in a tavern, on the eve of meeting with a profess'd duellist? to be about to commit murder, or else to live dishonour'd and disgrac'd—Oh, Maria!—when thou shalt hear thy husband is no more, wilt thou forgive me?—wilt thou—but my fate determines hers, and if I fall she is for ever lost!

Re-enter the Waiter.

Waiter. The gentleman from Sir George Gauntlet, sir.

Darnley.

Darnley. Admit him—now then for the event!

Enter GINGHAM hastily.

Gingham. I'm so fag'd—so completely knock'd up (*sees the dinner.*) ha, ha! what's here?—the very thing to revive me.

Darnley. I hope, sir, you haven't been talking to Sir George.

Gingham. Yes, but I have though—you employ'd me as second, and if you're shot, it shall be in the way I like best. (*sitting down*) Waiter! waiter!

Waiter. (*To Gingham, who is going to pull off a cover of one of the dishes.*) Sir! sir!—Sir George order'd that dish not to be touch'd till he came.

Gingham. Did he?—then it's the pick'd thing I suppose, so I'll eat it all up directly, (*uncovers it, and sees a brace of pistols laying 'midst powder and ball.*) here—it's quite at his service, and I wish the whole were in his stomach with all my soul!—(*giving the dish to the waiter, and uncovering another.*) Ah! here's something that I can swallow. (*begins eating.*) Well after hunting every where for Sir George, I found him below stairs at last—"so" says I "my little Librarian"—alluding to the book-case you know—"when are you and this jealous husband"—alluding to you, you know—"to fight this foolish duel?" (*drinks a glass of wine.*) Clara! my dear Clara Sedley!

Darnley. Well, sir.

Gingham. Says I "the fact is this; one will be kill'd, the other be hang'd, and the world get rid of two hot-headed fellows:" says he, "Will

Darnley make me an apology?" says I "he might as well."

Darnley. You did not!

Gingham. Ah, but I did though "it's very well for fashionable husbands, to leave their wives with friends, in hopes of getting divorces and damages; but what right," says I, "has a country squire to quit his farm, and trust his wife, with baronets, fools, and coxcombs?—to plant his own horns" says I! (*drinks*) "Success to trade."

Darnley. And how did this end, sir?

Gingham. How!—why the other second interfer'd—said Sir George couldnt fire at you, and advised him to apologize—he hesitated—I put my hand on my sword—reminded him of my fine fencing—he sigh'd this paper—I've already shewn it to Mrs. Darnley, and so—(*drinks*) Here's the child that has two fathers!

Darnley. (*Reading the paper.*) 'Tis ample, final satisfaction—wasn't my Maria happy?

Gingham. She was—but with women, grief soon follows joy, you know—she says, your uncle, whoever he is, has order'd you to quit Bath, and go abroad—that she is to be left behind, and as your fortune is exhausted, she fears you must consent—I'm sorry I'm pinch'd too—however—(*drinks*) Here's confusion to your stingy old uncle!

Darnley. Unfeeling! persecuting man!—separate me from all I love—I know the motive for this barbarous conduct—he has found a son, on whom he means to lavish all his favours, and while he rolls in luxury, I and my family may starve—may—but he comes.

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL,

Sir Paul. So Mr. Darnley: how dare you intrude into the houses of great people, and thus repeatedly disgrace me?—look'ye, sir—I have made up my mind—you must seek your fortune abroad—I'll pay your expences to the continent, and lest your family should be a burthen to you, I'll provide for your wife at home.

Darnley. Oh, sir! do not part us!

Sir Paul. I will!—I'm resolv'd! (*seeing Gingham.*) hah!—what do I see?—my boy!—my darling!—how came you here you rogue?

Gingham. Father, you're come in time—just in time to finish the bottle! (*filling him a bumper, and putting it in his hand*) drink! drink the last toast!

Sir Paul. Ay, what is it?

Gingham. "Confusion to Darnley's"—

Sir Paul. With all my heart—"confusion to Darnley's"—

Gingham. "Stingy old uncle!"

Sir Paul. (*spitting out the wine.*) Stingy old uncle!—why that's confusion to myself you dog!

Gingham. What! is it you—well! hang me if I didn't think it was my father—that is my other father, the money-lender—cousin—relation—how are you! (*shaking Darnley by the hand.*)

Sir Paul. Nonsense! never mind him—I've brought you your commission—a company in a regiment serving in Ireland.

Gingham. Have you! (*to Sir Paul.*) who'd have thought my father was your miserly uncle, heh! (*to Darnley.*)

Sir

Sir Paul. It's three hundred a-year, my boy! pssha! don't mind him I tell you, (*pulling him away from Darnley.*) I reserve every thing for you—I always meant to give all I could to my son.

Gingham. Did you!—Oh then it comes to the same point; why, perhaps, you'll give me two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. Ay, that I will.

Gingham. What! and the commission too!

Sir Paul. Yes, and the commission too! here they are both—and some ten years hence, I'll join the regiment, and serve under you; under my brave son!

Gingham. No—under your brave nephew if you like—I don't understand the exercise, and Darnley does! and therefore, as we're all relations—all in a family, I'll e'en give him the commission—Nay, don't be shy cousin—it makes no difference father, does it?

Sir Paul. Death and fire! it does, sir, it makes all the difference, and I swear—

Gingham. Softly—you can make me a hero in another way—as I was brought up to trade, pop me into the train bands—then I can be kill'd in the artillery ground in one day, and be alive in the shop the next! so keep the commission, cousin; keep it—(*Forcing it into Darnley's hand.*) and here—here's the money to take you, your wife and children to Ireland—(*giving the bank notes.*)—there! now moderate your joy, father! you've done a kind, generous action to be sure: but why! why in such an ecstasy!

Sir Paul. Ecstasy! agony you puppy!

Gingham. Gently, gently, at the public breakfast I shall sound forth your praises—come, cousin

cousin—the best of the joke is, I've another father; and though he wont lend you a shilling, I'll make him send you linen enough to shirt your whole regiment.—Farewell, thou liberal man!—look!—Self-gratification has brought tears of joy into his eyes! (Exit with Darnley.)

Sir Paul. Tears of joy!—if being cheated out of my money, makes me cry for pleasure, what shall I do, if I get it back again?—was there ever such a fellow?—however the commission is of no use to Darnley—but then the two hundred pounds—and the ease with which he did it.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. A letter from your Ward, Sir Paul. It requires an immediate answer.

Sir Paul. (Reading it.) “Sir, I am now at
“the Public Breakfast, where Miss Savage ac-
“tually insisted on my coming. I have discover-
“ed a deep plot of Mr. Savage's, and when I tell
“you, I am in danger of being run away with,
“without my consent, I'm sure you will fly to
“the relief of your——Affectionate Ward,

CLARA SEDLEY”.

Sir Paul. I'll come directly—(Servant exit.)—
So—So—they have heard of her sudden acquisition of fortune—of the Copper Mines being discovered on her estate, and now like true savages, they mean to paw the property—but I've a husband for her in my eye. She has formed an affection for this liberal son of mine, and the dog can't take her for a man in woman's clothes.

Enter.

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. You knave!—if I catch you—how! has he left the tavern!—Ah! Sir Paul!—pray Sir, have you seen any thing of my son?

Sir Paul. I know nothing of your son, sir.

Flush. He has been distributing my property—giving away my money, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. 'Gad! My son has been doing me the same favour.

Flush. Ay, sir; but my son has swindled me out of two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. That's the exact sum!—my son has swindled me out of—so let's shake hands and cry for joy!

Flush. Well, well—I can afford it—but, Sir Paul, there is only one way he can make me retribution—you've heard of our ward's copper mines, and though you have only known me as a private gentleman, and I you as joint guardian—yet I think you will consent to her marrying the man I propose.

Sir Paul. And pray, who may the gentleman be?—not the Honourable Mr. Savage, I hope, for he has no property, but my two racers.

Flush. No—no—my Son!—my rogue of a Son!—will you agree?

Sir Paul. Why I would with pleasure only—

Flush. What Brother Guardian?

Sir Paul. I mean to propose my rogue of a son.

Flush. Your son!—why how came you by a son?—but to the point—my boy has won her heart, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. So has mine too, Mr. Flush.

Flush.

Flush. Yours too!—Sdeath, Sir Paul—this racing has turned your brain.

Sir Paul. Racing!—Iv'e done with it, fir—I hate it—I'm above the turf now.

Flush. Above the turf!—I wish you were under it!—do you pretend she loves both our sons?—two men at the same time, fir?

Sir Paul. To be sure—she's not the first woman that has lov'd twenty at the same time, fir—but as she can't marry without our joint consent, and is now in great distress at Lady Sarah Savage's public breakfast, let's adjourn there directly.

Flush. With all my heart—I can afford it—Publick breakfast!—why this is later than usual—*(Looking at his Watch)*—Nine o'clock at night!

Sir Paul. Ah, these are late hours: but what need we care, Mr. Flush?—we that have health, youth, spirits—do you know there is only one house in England that affects my constitution?

Flush. And what house is that?

Sir Paul. *(Whispers him.)* I never was there but twice—the first time there was a motion about relieving poor insolvent debtors, and the house was so empty I got an ague. The next time, somebody mov'd to remove the hackney coaches from Bond-Street, and the benches were so cram'd that I was thrown into a fever!—So hey for the breakfast.—Youth's the season made for joy!

Flush. Love is then our duty! &c.

(Exeunt singing together.)

M

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A garden at Mr. Savage's on Lansdown hill—a marquee at the upper wing, in which is seen a table full of fruits, wine, meat, tea urns, coffee pots, &c. A distant view of Bath—moon rising.—Long flourish of clarinets!*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE and a Servant.

Lady Sarah. Call Miss Clara—*(Servant enters marquee.)*—I have given this party in order to secure this young creature and her fortune, for my brutish brother has so lessen'd our gold, that only her copper can save us from sinking—if her guardians refuse, we are prepar'd for bolder schemes.

Enter CLARA.

Well: my dear girl, how do you like our breakfast?—breakfast by moonlight? isn't it quite charming—so nouvelle?

Clara. Quite—and in addition to tea and coffee, here are fowls, fruit, and wine, so that you may breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup all in the same meal—nouvelle!—surely nobody else is so singular.

Lady Sarah. I don't know—I never copy—the world's so very ignorant—that only act unlike other people, and you're pretty sure of being right, but, didn't you like the music—the singing?

Clara. No; I don't much like these fine singers—it's a long time before you prevail on them to sing, and then when they once begin—faith! they never stop. I declare I only saw one person I liked amongst the party.

Lady

Lady Sarah. And who was that?—the dear Signor!

Clara. No—the dear creature, my guardian's son.

Lady Sarah. What! that monster? I wonder who invited such a heterogeneous animal, and you to prefer him—

Clara. Even to your brother, Ma'am—I know Mr. Savage designs me his hand; but, if my guardians will agree—and why they leave me in this scene of danger when I wrote to Sir Paul—

Lady Sarah. Here they are both—I'll go call my brother, and by the time I return, I hope I shall call you sister—adieu!—Gingham, indeed! [Exit.

Enter Sir PAUL and FLUSH.

Flush. Here she is—here's the girl to answer for herself—now be cool, Sir Paul—compose yourself, and I'll fairly put the question to her. Clara, haven't you fix'd your affections?

Clara. To confess the truth, I have, Sir.

Flush. Very well—softly, Sir Paul! and now, what is the Gentleman's name?

Sir Paul. Ay, what is his name, Clara?

Clara. Gingham, Sir.

Flush. There! I told you so—it's my son!

Sir Paul. Why there! I told you so—it's my son!

Flush. Your son!—In the first place I don't believe you have a son; and in the next, do you pretend that this Gingham—

Sir Paul. Is my boy! my own darling child!—and I'll prove it.

Flush. Well, well, if this is the case. I'll make you a fair proposition, let's call in both our sons, and let the one she prefers be her husband.

Sir Paul. Agreed—and I'll bet you a hundred pounds she chuses mine.

Flush. Done,—I'll bet you a hundred she chuses mine.

Gingham. (*Within the Marquee.*) My life! my love! my Clara!

Flush. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Sir Paul. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Gingham. (*Within Marquee*) I cannot live a moment from thee—I——

GINGHAM enters from the Marquee, and, seeing his two fathers together, pauses and starts.

Flush. Now, Clara—Silence, Sir Paul!—don't you chuse him!—him!—for your husband?

Clara. I do, Sir.

Flush. Huzza! I've won my bet!

Sir Paul. Here is a father don't know his own child.

Gingham. (*Coming between them*) And here's a child don't know his own father! upon my soul, Gentlemen, I cannot tell which of you had the honour of inventing me; but here I am, and if you have more property to distribute—if either of you has another two hundred pounds, I'll dispose of it so neatly, that tears of joy shall trickle down your cheeks!

Flush. (*After looking some time at Sir Paul.*) Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Mr. Flush—We were joint guardians just now and——

Flush. And now we're joint fathers it seems.—
Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. This must be the tradesman—a word in private, if you please, Sir. *(They enter the Marquee.)*

Gingham. Lay your heads together; settle it as you please; for while Clara smiles on me, I care not whether I'm son to a haberdasher, or heir to the grand Turk.

Cara. I hope they won't quarrel—I fear Mr. Flush will insist—

Gingham. He insist!—bless you, he'd sell me for half a crown.

Re-enter FLUSH and SIR PAUL

Sir Paul. He's mine! he's mine! the father knows his own child at last.—I never suspected Flush was clerk to a Lottery Office, and consequently little thought he was the tradesman who married my Nelly—gad! I always took him for a gentleman.

Gingham. Did you?—that was very good natur'd of you—and so you give me up, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Yes, I can afford it.—The Tunbridge story is perfectly explain'd, and I have done with you, you rogue—Your *wife* father here has promis'd to restore my papers, so now you may speak truth till you're black in the face.

Gingham. May I?—then I won't; lest other faces should be of the same complexion—but, gentlemen, since you've found out who I belong to, will you inform me who this lady is to belong to?

Clara. Ay, Mr. Flush—I'm sure I shall have your consent—you are a monied man and have lived with people of rank.

Flusby. Your pardon, ma'am, if I had lived with people of rank, I had not been a monied man—the fact is, I touch cash wherever I can, and Sir Paul has brib'd me so handsomely, that I have sold my consent—I have sold my ward as well as my son, and for this plain reason—I can afford it.

Sir Paul. Clary, take his hand, my Girl. (*Giving her to Gingham.*) The dog has an odd way of speaking his mind, but instead of checking him, encourage him; many a man only wants to be told of his errors to correct them, and that is my case—

Gingham. Your case, Sir?

Sir Paul. Yes, my boy—since you talked of self-gratification bringing tears of pleasure into my eyes, I resolv'd to try the experiment—I determin'd to retrench my expences, to sell my hounds, dispose of my stud, and see if I could not lay out my money on rational and solid pleasures; in bestowing happiness on two as innocent and injur'd creatures as ever existed!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Niece, your hand—Darnley forgive what's past, and henceforth if I don't prove a friend to you, tell that son of mine to speak his mind to me—tell him to take another two hundred pounds out of my pocket; nay, disperse my whole property—any thing, so you don't drink “Confusion to a stingy old uncle!”

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, we owe every thing to your son—he has been our pilot through the storms of fashion, and if he now secures to us independence and our cottage—

Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Independence and a cottage! S'life! you shall have affluence and a farm as large as Salisbury Plain—I'll come and see you every summer! ay! for sixty years to come!—odsheart! they say I'm like an old Volcano burnt out! but it's a mistake—I'm like an Egyptian lamp that flames for ever!—A'nt I, my boy?

Gingham. Must I speak truth, father?—mum!

Darnley. (*To Sir Paul.*) You have made me the happiest of men, Sir Paul; but you must excuse me when I say, that your son has the first and greatest claim—

Gingham. Nay, Cousin; if you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would find I have as many faults as any of you.—But come, let's adjourn from this vulgar fashionable scene, and while they drink one toast, we'll give another—

—May manners masculine no more deface
The charms that constitute each female grace.
To man, be bold and daring schemes confin'd,
Woman for softer passions was design'd,
And by meek virtue—to subdue mankind!

[*Exeunt.*]

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